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CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE
NOVEMBER 6 1998 VOL 104 NO 45

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MACLEAN'S includes notices and drops of advice
on the cover. (C) Jan. 1998. Read this in French
ON NOV 23. Publications and opinions owned 1998



A house divided

14 Quebecers said No to sovereignty—but by the narrowest possible margin. With a referendum outcome of 50.4 per cent for the No side and 49.4 per cent for the Yes, the result pointed to continuing political strife. Premier Jacques Parizeau and Bloc Quebecois leader Lucien Bouchard vowed to persevere in the fight for independence, while elsewhere political leaders scrambled to respond to the clamor for change.



'Hoops' as a second language

50 NBA basketball comes to Toronto and Vancouver, bringing its own unique culture and one crucial question: Will Canadian fans embrace it?



Two is company

40 Other romances seem to be on the increase as men and women spend more time at work. And a recent court ruling says that companies have no legal right to interfere.



A lighter lang

68 With a new album and speculation about future, Canada's k.d. lang is riding high. But she still wants to dispel those persistent rumors about her romantic life.

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Maclean's
What Matters to Canadians

LETTERS

Pickpockets

The tone of the article "Offshore billions" (Cover, Oct. 5) seems to suggest that Revenue Canada has the God-given right to strip Canadians of their hard-earned wealth. There is definitely something wrong in this egregious country where a national newspaper advocates this type of attitude. Maybe greater attention should be given to Canadians' rights to privacy and private property. As it is, Revenue Canada takes more than its fair share out of our pockets.

Dustin Tyniolsky,
Willy, Ont.

Who are these people? When in Canada do they use my unpaid school loans on my highways? Do they use my police for private? Do they collect old age security at age 65? And the list goes on. These tax evaders consider themselves sharp investors, but I consider them criminals.

Peter Stathosak,
Sudbury, Ont.

Productive Canadians who seek to protect their wealth, like many citizens of welfare states worldwide, have answered some basic questions: "Whose money is it, anyway? Who did the work and took all the risks? They recognize that the socialist claim to the moral high ground is insupportable. They understood the undeniable truth that the welfare state is inherently corrupt and immoral, and that it deserves no support. In fact, the flight of capital offshore is merely one small (though noticeable) in the larger battle of individuals for the right to their own lives."

Richard D. Fisher,
San Diego, Calif.

Steve Cameron implies that Canadian chartered banks make it easy for Canadians to evade taxes by offering services on tax havens. As it happens, very few of the CIBC's clients offshore are Canadian residents and those who are have reasons for dealing with us that have nothing to do with tax evasion, which, as the article points out, is illegal.

Anthony M. Muzard,
Vice-president, International
Private Banking,
CIBC
Toronto

Economic model

Syd Ryan, the Ontario president of The Canadian Union of Public Employees, accuses Premier Mike Harris of trying to turn Ontario into a "right-to-work" state like some southern U.S. states known for low wages and weak labour legislation. ("Opening doors in the Harris revolution," Canada, Oct. 5). As a former Ontario, I accept we may have lower wages in the South, but gasoline is only 80 cents (U.S.) a gallon, my house cost one-third what it would cost in Toronto and unemployment is five per cent. So quit your scare tactics, Mr. Ryan. The people you represent would at least have a chance to prosper if Harris were to adopt the economic model of the New South.

John Anderson,
Atlanta



Whose money is it, anyway?

The beginning of Mike Harris's Common Sense Revolution has been marked by militant attacks on demonstrators and Harris's elitist attitude.

Not so long ago, he was one of the people calling for the government to listen to other voices. Now that he is on the other side of the fence, he expresses his lack of concern by saying that "these are not the people who elected us to office." Contrary to what he seems to think, democracy is the rule of the majority, but with respect for the minority.

John Smith,
Edmonton, Alta.

Smoking ads

Now that the Supreme Court has struck down the federal tobacco advertising ban, it is interesting to read that the great old concern of the tobacco industry is "How gradually would now be surrounded by billboards with tobacco ads?" ("It's in smoke," Business, Oct. 3). We need the tobacco industry to have a long-standing policy that prohibits placing their ads anywhere near schools. The more important issue is that smoking among youth has increased significantly and alarmingly in Canada since the last

Peter M. Gallop,
President, Gallop & Gallop
Advertising Inc.,
Toronto

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As the welfare rolls mount (32.3% in the last 5 years in Ontario alone) and family fragmentation grows (20% of all families are run by single parents today), life for many adults has become a cycle of constant stress and worry. This in turn rubs off on children who are very sensitive to what is happening around them.

Added to this is the alarming rate of violence witnessed by kids in their homes (estimated at 135,000 annually in Ontario).

The deterioration of mental health in children has now reached a very critical stage. Statistics show that 23% of all 3 year olds today have serious problems handling aggression, and that 71% of seriously aggressive 6 year olds grow up

to be violent, anti-social adults.

If the new knowledge we have about effective prevention and treatment could be applied today, this alarming trend could be reversed. But funds are urgently required for community based training, research, consultation and public education.

So please, give generously. Remember, you are investing in something very precious that affects us all. The future of our children.

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LETTERS

Serious subject

Thank you, Allan Fotheringham, for your perceptive analysis of "The chill winds, racist, sexist, fascist" (Column, Oct. 2). With instances that remind us of the dead named Adolf Hitler becoming more frequent, your no-nonsense approach is the subject of racism stands out like a beacon.

Bert J. Seigrove,
Barrie, Ont.

Teens, sex and ads

Cablin Kiri's ads depicting young people (with their underwear showing) do not push the boundaries of acceptable teenage sensuality ("The shock effect," Business, Oct. 2). They promote the acceptable teenage that teens should strive for and not to be sexy. Those of us who struggle to ensure that healthy sexuality education is available constantly have to construe the harm done by such socially conscious "sex-eds" advertising.

Laura Winkler,
Vice-president, Planned Parenthood
Federation of Canada,
Ottawa

'The real stars'

The attention given to actors in North America amazes me ("The stars of the screen," Cover, Oct. 2). Yes, many have climbed up from the gutter or small town to make it big. But a lot of stars are in the gutter. What about the real stars of this planet: single women and dads researchers trying to find cures for diseases? Who cares about Hollywood?

Robert P. Holland Jr.,
Winnipeg

'First do no harm'

Physicians have a legal and moral obligation to uphold sound medical practice. One credo is "first do no harm." Our interventions must stand up to the rigors of clinical trials where the test population and the scientists are mutually blinded as to who is receiving what treatment, and the test population is large enough for statistically meaningful results. It is unethical for alternative medicine physicians to perform treatments based on anecdotal evidence or bias, while giving the impression they are adhering to the same standards of science that have earned the profession the community's trust.

Dr. Steven Marc Friedman,
Cambridge, Mass. 018

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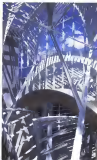
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OPENING NOTES

Going to war for the poor

Things have not worked out well for Gordon Walker when he moved west to Calgary from Willard, Ont., four months ago, looking for work. Not only has the 59-year-old artist and salesman been unable to find a job, but he has found Alberta's welfare cheques too skimpy to live on. (The province's social services department pays a single adult \$160 a month for rent, plus \$208 for living expenses.) And when a child support suggested to Walker that he pre-emptively by serving it with summons, something snapped. "I wasn't there for marriage counselling," says an angry Walker, who lost his job in 1990. "I had a job once—the Cadillac, long, champagne-red one. Then I had to go to the safety net, and it wasn't there." The exasperated, preoccupied Walker is keeping up his striking effort: welfare and tax recipients and the working poor at the working poor's table.

Walker: "This is a wake-up notice to Klein and Harris"

Walker's *Unsettled Recipients* (1991)—which he promotes as "we're" its goal: better treatment for its members, including higher welfare payments and higher status status.

So far, Walker says, more than 600 people have joined; many of them signing up in food banks through in Edmonton and Calgary. And last week, Walker, backed by out-

right: Klein, "is far beyond where we're all the chocolate bunnies." But Walker, who says the description applies equally to Ontario Premier Mike Harris, is unimpressed. "The poor are speaking up now," says Walker. "It will grow to a roar—this is a wakeup notice to Klein and Harris."

British, Irish and Canadian political systems and served prominently at their destructions, says McGee, who works as an associate editor and art director for *Frank*, the biweekly satirical magazine based in Ottawa. McGee's publisher, Robert Davies of Montreal-



Walker concerns for kids of risk

Too hot to handle

Worship writer Carol Matas is an award-winning author of 15 books for readers aged 13 to 17. But her newest novel, *The Premier's Hawk*, is proving too hot for some people to handle. The book deals with a rebel who usually abuses children at a religious school. The story line closely parallels a recent high-profile case in Winnipeg, which the public prosecutors office of the Manitoba attorney general has under review. Matas says that 30 Canadian and U.S. publishers have said *The Premier's Hawk* down before Winnipeg-based L.B. Co. Publishers released it in September.

But the problems did not end there. In Toronto, at least one children's bookstore has refused to carry the novel. And Matas was not invited to the annual Jewish Book Fair there last month, an event she has attended twice before. Helen Rodger, the fair's director, said that Matas's appearance would be "inappropriate," but declined to elaborate. In Montreal, Wilfrid School, an elementary school, cancelled the author's planned lecture. "It's a good book, but it's not suitable for elementary students," says Linda Schick, Wilfrid's librarian. "Children are aware of the problems of the street, but not as it is," Matas, 45—who has two non-coverage children briefly attended the Wilfrid school where the alleged suicide incidents occurred—disagrees. "The book is as accurate for kids that age," she says. "Those are the kids at risk."

based Robert Davies Publishing, adds that he has not received a single call or complaint about the novel. "With all this referendum madness, people want to laugh at something," says Davies, who notes that after the recent 8,500 copies of the fat sold out, it is going into a second printing this week. With that success behind him, McGee says his dream is now to work for Canada Post as a stamp designer. "Canada stamps are so boring," he complains. "There's the Queen, the flag, and the latest is a 'Barbie girl' I mean, come on."

Plenty of prestige, not a lot of cash

The Victoria Cross dates back to 1856, when Queen Victoria instituted it as the highest decoration for valor in the British armed forces. It is awarded to eligible soldiers throughout the Commonwealth for outstanding acts of bravery in battle and, as a mark of the medal's prestige, recipients are entitled to add the designation "VC" to their names. There are now just 37 living recipients, including two Canadians. They were awarded the crosses for their actions more than 50 years ago, during the Second World War. For most, the honor has also included an annual pension of \$150—currently about \$200. That is about to increase substantially, to as much as \$1,300 (\$2,000), a year because of a successful

appeal that a veteran from India, Havildar Gurno Singh, made last year in British Prime Minister Brian Mulroney. But the raise will not apply to Canadian Cross recipients. It, and Ernest (Stanley) Smith, 81, both of Vancouver. That is because Ottawa took over the administration of VC pensions in 1945, and officials there have decided to stick with the \$300 stipend that has been paid since 1960. "It is not a needed award," explains Joyce Summerville, a spokeswoman for the department of veterans affairs. Smith, who earned his VC in 1944 for leading a cross-country in Italy against German assault for three days, says he is not complaining. "But if they want to give me a raise, I will be happy to accept it," he says.

Smith: act of bravery



Crunching public-sector numbers

Over the past three years, governments across Canada have laid off thousands of civil servants at the federal, provincial and municipal levels in their continuing attempts to erase their budgetary deficits. A new report from Statistics Canada formally acknowledges that an army of government employees and their families already know that the government's efforts have had a profound effect on the civil service. After peaking in 1992, total public-sector employment has declined, and the rate of decline was still picking up speed when the numbers were collected. Some significant developments in 1994:

- Public-sector employment at all levels in Canada declined 1.5 per cent, or 40,229 workers, to 2,691,793.
- The number of people working for the federal government decreased for the third year in a row, dropping 3.8 per cent, or 11,356 workers, to 264,430.
- Employment at the provincial and territorial level fell by 2 per cent, or 20,800 workers, to 1,918,765.
- Local government employment declined for the first time, dropping 0.7 per cent, or 6,000 workers, to 108,200.
- Conservation paid to all public-sector employees, which represented 23.5 per cent of all wages and salaries paid to Canadians, peaked in 1993, falling 0.4 per cent to \$28.3 billion in 1994.

Edited by BARBARA WICKENS

BEST-SELLERS

FICTION

1. *The Collector*, Patricia Highsmith (1)
2. *The Secret Garden*, Frances Hodgson Burnett (2)
3. *Conan to the East*, John D. MacDonald (3)
4. *The Best of Friends*, Barbara Pym (4)
5. *The World of Mr. Gump*, John Galsworthy (5)
6. *The Island of the Day Before*, Umberto Eco (6)
7. *A Fine Balance*, Rohinton Mistry (7)
8. *The First Wives*, Robert G. Coates (8)
9. *The New York Times*, George Orwell (9)
10. *Cooling Down*, Tompkins (10)

NONFICTION

1. *One From the Sea*, Steve Cooney (1)
2. *Black Sea*, David Brown (2)
3. *In the Arms of the Black Sea*, John D. MacDonald (3)
4. *My First*, John D. MacDonald (4)
5. *The Girl of the Year*, John D. MacDonald (5)
6. *The Girl of the Year*, John D. MacDonald (6)
7. *My American Journey*, John D. MacDonald (7)
8. *Strait Through the Heart*, Steve Cooney (8)
9. *My First*, John D. MacDonald (9)
10. *Philosophy*, John D. MacDonald (10)

PASSAGES

GRANTED: Full parole to Kyle Brown, 36, a former Canadian Airborne Regiment member convicted of manslaughter and torture in the 1982 bombing death of a teenage Somali, after serving one-third of his five-year sentence.

A two-member panel of the National Parole Board at the Bowden, Alta., prison ruled that Brown, while in a United Nations peacekeeping mission in Somalia, played a minor role in the killing, showed remorse, and posed no risk to society. For his part, Brown—the most junior of eight people charged in connection with the death—waived out of the military and his former sacrifices. "I have no left in the military justice system," he said. "I do have my pride for the people who tried to cover up this debacle."

DIED: British novelist writer Sir Huxley Kingsley, 78, whose novels and literary criticism largely defined the English middle class and its social institutions, of an undisclosed cause in a London hospital. His best known novels are *Lady Jane* (1954), his first, and *The Old Devils*, which won the Booker Prize in 1986.

DIED: Former Washington columnist Bobbie Klagsberg, 77, who challenged and lost to Billie Jean King in a much-ballyhooed 1973 match of the tennis, of prostate cancer, at his home in San Diego. In 1989, in his Washington column, at age 71, a tennis and basketball player, he wrote the single, double and mixed doubles tennis. He challenged King on a 50-year-old—she was 29—prejudging that women belonged in the kitchen. King won all three sets, elevating women's tennis to a major sport.

DIED: Former Haitian president Erasté Médard, 82, at his home in Port-au-Prince. Médard was named president in May 1994, by the military junta that had ousted the democratically elected Jean-Bertrand Aristide. But just months later, Médard showed that he was more than a puppet when he played an active part in the return of Aristide and the departure of the junta.

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at 8:05 a.m. EDT
after the news
at the top
of the hour on
CBC NewsWorld.

AN AMERICAN VIEW



Stoking the furnace of racial discord

BY FRED BRUNING

How do you know it's spring in Los Angeles? Mark Fuhrman begins playing gloves.

Populations say hello in therapeutic, and let's hope they know what they're talking about because America is warmer (rather than a Sunday mass). First, there was the Simpson verdict and ultra-racist reactions—judicial blacks, indigenous whites—and then the Million Man March in Washington and the ascendancy of black Muslim Louis Farrakhan. Newly minted anthropologists visited every television channel to dissect race relations and contemporary civilization. Oprah and Geraldo worked overtime. It has been exhausting. Maybe another jolt?

Why didn't O.J. show for the march? No golf carts allowed.

It's not going to work, is it? The wicked sinners stoking the rounds won't get us through. We can't blow off a little steam but the furnace of racial discord still is running. Americans surprised at the anti-white bias have failed to pay attention or permitted themselves to be flummoxed by the full-page messages of politicians who claim U.S. society is rife with racial hatred and that only for lay or immoral shall not prosper. The seventh straight week if you're wearing a starched white shirt and taking your lunch in the Senate dining room, more difficult to swallow if you're in a dingy fast fooder's can of chicken noodle soup.

But forget the politicians. They have let us down. Most have not held the torch about race, have not had the courage to tackle the central dilemma of American life. Bill Clinton gave a good speech on the day of the Million Man March but it was almost like an afterthought. The President cares about this subject and has a track record to prove it, but he was silent too long. It should not have taken Simpson and Farrakhan to get Bill Clinton to

front of an audience beseeching us to free blacks. "White racism may be black people's burden, but it's white people's problem," Clinton said at a luncheon in Austin, Tex. "We must clean out house."

Yes, we must. White people who doubt the reality of Clinton's belated sermon should get out of their cozy comfort and into the city—any city. They should ask themselves how the poorest streets are those on which black people live. They should wonder, as the President wondered in his address, how white people would cope under similar circumstances. Try driving through the heart of black America—through the Sonoma of the United States—and telling yourself no solution got all the better.

See if you still find condemning the arguments of the phonies who say affirmative action is just reverse discrimination—that America is now a color blind place and we merely have to sit back and let nature take its course. We track that once and ended up with separate drinking fountains and segregated classrooms and poisonous attitudes that persist in 1995. Now, we have white people moving into ghettoes commingling—these pretty, quiet upturn outposts of priv-

ilege where only the daily authorized get by the awards and where it is entirely possible to exempt yourself from the world of America as it is being lived. Move on.

You want to talk about black responsibility? Let's talk. Clinton hit it on the head in the speech he should have given long ago. "Blacks must understand and acknowledge the roots of white fear in America," he said. "It won't matter for a parent to pull his or her child close when walking through a high-crime neighborhood," he said. Give people reasons to be afraid, they will react accordingly. And some of their fears may become exaggerated and they may begin to hammer down and they may make assumptions that are out of whack.

But none of that is racist. It is just the inevitable result of the deadly separation we all know ourselves, and that certain leaders like George Bush will never state for the scholarly White House side that dominated his 1988 presidential campaign. It was like waging the Persian Gulf War against the black people of the United States. And what about presidential hopeful Senator Robert Dole chiding Clinton for failing in the Austin speech to valiantly criticize Clinton's Louis Farrakhan? Instead of soothing Clinton for finally showing leadership on an issue that is tearing the nation apart, Dole could only move to consolidate his position with the Republican right.

What to do? Clinton urged Americans to make a point of speaking to persons of other races and to be "kind and brutally honest." You're not to learn much that you wouldn't otherwise have known. The other day, a white American tells a black American that he, the white, would not have gone to the Million Man March because you just can't duck the fact that Farrakhan is anti-Semitic. And the black American, who attended five marches, said the experience had been powerful—and there was a deep and lasting resonance in his voice when he said that word, powerful—but that he did not support Farrakhan and that he would rather stand in front of the Capitol dome. He said plenty of men rejected newspapers emblazoned with Farrakhan's name and said they wanted no part of the Nation of Islam. The march was not about Farrakhan, he said, it was about everything else. "We are smart enough to sit out the track," he said.

Here is something that has stoked white people forever—that black people are just as diverse and complicated as anyone else. There is no black monolith, no black conspiracy of opinion. The Simpson verdict? Smart enough more carefully and you will see that plenty of blacks have doubts about his innocence, even if they feel the jury made a sensible choice. And here's a little test. If the jury had come back in three days with a guilty verdict, would white people have been waving about a rash to participate? As Clinton said in his speech, Americans better start getting along with themselves and getting straight with one another. No excuses. No joke.

Fred Bruning is a writer with *Newsday* in New York.

HOUSE DIVIDED

After a narrow No win, federalists fear that the real war is only starting

BY ANTHONY WILSON-SMITH

It took 128 years to make Canada into the country that it is today—and 10 hours of voting and a margin of only 53,685 votes to almost break with that past and reshape both the map and the country's future. No, 50.6 per cent, total votes 2,361,526. Yes, 49.4 per cent, 2,308,028 votes. In however much time remains to Canada as a united country, those figures are likely to stay burned on the consciousness of federalists and Quebec sovereigntists alike. By that narrowest of margins, the dream of preserving one country almost died on Monday night, and the dream of building a new, smaller one within Quebec was thwarted—for now. "The people have spoken, and it is time to accept that verdict," said a clearly relieved Prime Minister Jean Chrétien early Tuesday morning, when it finally became clear that the No side had won. But, said Quebec Premier Jacques Parizeau, in a defiant speech that was in sharp contrast to Chrétien's attempt to make peace, "the battle for a country is not over. And it will not be until we have one."

So new and so far for sovereigntists, and so uncertain and unsettling a result for both sides. The vote result means that Canada survives—by the barest of margins, and, perhaps, for the benefit of people in its present form. The final result, which took close to four hours to record, showed the two sides divided by fewer than 50,000 votes out of a total of 4,669,554 cast, and the province riven by cleavages along linguistic, ethnic and regional lines. Montreal, the metropolitan and economic center of the province, voted decisively No. The rest of Quebec, with the exception of the Ottawa Valley region, went strongly to the Yes side. Montserrat and ethnic and anglophone not so joined together to defeat Yes voters who were overwhelmingly francophone native-born Quebecers from other regions.

In the months to come, the pressure from both federalists and sovereigntists in Quebec to reform the Constitution will be overwhelming—and the willingness of the rest of Canada to make a concrete gesture towards keeping the province within the federation is likely to be severely tested.

Chrétien, the Prime Minister who campaigned on a promise not to talk about the Constitution, will now find himself obliged to do precisely that. The honeymoon that he and his government have enjoyed with voters is almost certain to end—exactly the time that it was supposed to take as toughest measures. And the division provoked in the wake of the near-thriller margin of the No victory will



test the social fabric of the country as never before.

Some of those, in fact, were raised by Parizeau in a bitter, rambling speech in which he made a point of repeatedly blaming the Yes side's loss on ethnic voters—who voted No in massive numbers—and transient leaders. After making several references to the fact that a majority of francophone voters supported sovereignty, he said the Yes side was defeated by "money and the ethnic vote." The speech was bitterly criticized by federalists—and by some horrified sovereigntists. "His remarks are anti-democratic in the worst extreme," said No supporter Louis Fréchet. But other signs of the strain caused by the referendum were already evident shortly after it became clear that the No side had won. Montreal riot police were called in to guard their overnight headquarters against angry Yes supporters.

All of that means that after the initial sense of relief among No supporters wears off, many may well wonder which side was the real winner. Even in the lead screamed back and forth between the two sides, buoyant Yes leaders were already making it clear that they will be back with another sovereignty referendum as soon as they can, and with a sense of momentum that they are convinced is unstoppable. "If we have not succeeded today, I only mean that we are not yet unanimous," said Quebec deputy premier Bernard Landry. "We will begin again, and we will not stop until we have our nation." And, said Bloc Québécois leader Lucien Bouchard in a fiery concession speech to Yes supporters: "The sovereignty movement is more alive than ever. Keep hope alive—the next time will be for real."

Still, across the rest of the nation that remains Canada, there was a palpable sense of relief. The streets of most major cities were empty as Canadians sat in record numbers in front of television sets, monitoring a race as tight as the two sides were widely regarded by some as a few thousand votes. In one gathering on the campus of the University of Calgary, about 200 students and professors gathered over pizza and beer to anxiously watch the results. They groaned in disbelief as the Yes side moved in an early lead, and started cheering wildly as the No side finally began to get ground—sometimes by as little as several hundredths of a percentage point. "I can't believe this is happening," one student cried.

But among the political leaders who will guide the country through the difficult days ahead,



No supporters, Quebec Liberal Leader Daniel Johnson (left) a measure of relief

there was also an awareness that the final result is more like a reprieve than a real victory. "We have won the battle," said an adviser to Chrétien. "But the real war is just about to begin." And New Brunswick Premier Frank McKenna told McKenna: "We would be foolish if we did not interpret the results as the desire of people in Quebec to see real change. There is no doubt that the Prime Minister will have to grapple with the kind of change that is."

So, too, will McKenna and other premiers. In the months to come, the final result raises far more questions than it answers for almost all the key figures in the referendum—and, in the long term, for all Canadians. The PQ, which under the terms of Quebec's Referendum Act cannot hold another plebiscite in its present mandate, will probably seek a reason to go back to the polls in a provincial election at the earliest opportunity. Parizeau, who stepped aside to let the more popular Bouchard become de facto leader of the Yes campaign, may step down in that event and allow the chairman, ex-Bloc leader to take his place. In the meantime, although Bouchard once said he would leave his seat in the House of Commons in the event of a No vote, there appears little likelihood that he will do that.

In the short term, in fact, the politician with the most to lose in the outcome win or lose, Chrétien. Visibly edgy, and accompanied by half a dozen senior advisers, he paced from room to room at his residence at 24 Sussex Drive in Ottawa as the results unfolded. On a personal level, the near-victory of the sovereigntist side that he has spent most of the past 20 years fighting is a devastating blow. Already, both within the Liberal caucus and in political circles across the country, he is being second-guessed and criticized for severely underestimating sovereigntist strength. The federal



The question: "Do you agree that Quebec should become sovereign, after having made a formal offer to Canada for a new economic and political partnership, within the scope of the bill respecting the future of Quebec and of the agreement signed on June 12, 1995?"

100% of votes counted



Liberals were no confident of victory that they did not even consider how they would react to a loss until the campaign was already under way. Even as the Yes vote began pulling them in the polls two weeks ago, complained one insider, "there was no Plan B."

Now, they find their credibility undermined at precisely the time that they need it most. Plans for the 1996-1997 federal budget, in which Finance Minister Paul Martin plans to cut billions in spending, are already behind schedule, and the narrow margins of the New victory could put Ottawa's entire fiscal agenda at risk. There are worse fights ahead. Over the next two years, Ottawa will cut about one-third from the \$16.8 billion in cash that it transfers annually to the provinces for health, social assistance and postsecondary education. On April 1, 1997, the current formula to divide that cash lapses. That means that over the next 18 months, and in spite of the free-

of Quebec's "distinct society." That, in fact, may be an issue that takes it beyond its first stance. The recognition of Quebec as a distinct society, a cornerstone of the province's demands, is less controversial than many Canadians realize: the Supreme Court of Canada has already recognized Quebec's distinct character in its interpretation of the Charter of Rights and Freedoms. Under the Constitution Act of 1982 an amendment that recognizes Quebec's status as a distinct society would require the consent of Ottawa and any seven provinces with 50 per cent of the population. The very wording of that amendment would be contentious because provincial leaders will want to limit the scope of its application. That most legislatures would likely pass it only because they have been so intimidated by Canada's close call.

Other proposed changes are likely to be less contentious, but no

'We will not stop until we have our nation'



Charest with wife Audrey (left), Parson (right) the show premier

ties atmosphere that seems likely, Ottawa and the provinces must devise a new formula to divide that dwindling total. The situation is volatile because the current formula provides the richer provinces of Ontario, British Columbia and Alberta. These richer provinces simply will not tolerate a continuation of the current system, which now gives them less money per resident than the other seven provinces. But the PQ is certain to exploit any attempt to reduce the amount that Quebec now receives.

There are longer-term headaches. In the short term, one of the first effects of the narrowness of the victory was that the Prime Minister was reconsidering plans to leave for a 17-day trip to the Asia-Pacific region. That trip, designed to stimulate investment, was also supposed to emphasize the government's business-as-usual approach to governing the country in the wake of the vote. Instead, it only highlights the fact that the business of governing the country is about to become anything but usual.

After Parson's argument that Quebecers should vote for sovereignty in order to preserve social programs, the federal government will face enormous pressure to shelve plans to reform and reduce unemployment insurance—one of its keys to deficit reduction. Human Resources Minister Lloyd Axworthy had planned to shelve at least \$1 billion from the present \$3.2-billion total that the government currently spends on unemployment insurance. Similarly, plans to increase the qualifying age for old-age pensions and reduce the size of benefits for wealthier recipients may also be shelved. Without such measures, it will be almost impossible for Martin to achieve his deficit reduction targets.

But in the battle to keep the country together, even these plans pale in significance alongside the need to suddenly come up with new and substantive proposals to reduce the way that Canada is governed in a manner that will appeal to all Canadians. Just as Pierre Trudeau committed himself to a promise of constitutional reform near the end of the 1980 referendum in a manner that still reverberates 15 years later, Clinton is now bound to live up to his promise to support recognition

of Quebec's "distinct society." That, in fact, may be an issue that takes it beyond its first stance. The recognition of Quebec as a distinct society, a cornerstone of the province's demands, is less controversial than many Canadians realize: the Supreme Court of Canada has already recognized Quebec's distinct character in its interpretation of the Charter of Rights and Freedoms. Under the Constitution Act of 1982 an amendment that recognizes Quebec's status as a distinct society would require the consent of Ottawa and any seven provinces with 50 per cent of the population. The very wording of that amendment would be contentious because provincial leaders will want to limit the scope of its application. That most legislatures would likely pass it only because they have been so intimidated by Canada's close call.

Other proposed changes are likely to be less contentious, but no less important. Constitutional change, said McGinnis, "is important, but administrative change is perhaps as important." That means that such dry but important topics as control over manpower training are likely to rise to the top of any agenda for change. Already, last summer, the federal government considered a plan to try to shore up short-term unemployment strength before the referendum by offering the provinces more choice control over manpower training. But the plan was scuttled by opposition from Liberal MPs from Atlantic provinces who felt that their provinces lacked the resources to run such programs properly. But now, the federal government seems certain to resurrect the issue. Similarly, Christie is likely to accord much greater urgency to a study group chaired by Interprovincial Affairs Minister Marcel Masse, who is looking at ways to reduce duplication of services between Ottawa and the provinces. Some action on Masse's recommendations, a senior government adviser says, "will be needed to ensure a smoother transition to a new era."

Another contentious issue, the restoration and formal recognition of Quebec's traditional right to a constitutional veto, is likely to rise longer and face more intense opposition. In another late-campaign argument, Charest said he would never allow the Constitution to be amended as a nation that would allow Quebec without the province's consent while it is Prime Minister, but he stopped short of offering the province a formal right of veto. That matter is likely to wait until 1997, when the Prime Minister is required by the terms of the Constitution to hold a meeting on constitutional reform with the premiers.

But a more compelling and immediate challenge for Charest will be in teaching Canadians and Quebecers to believe in each other and their shared country again. The mass displays of affection toward Quebec in the final days of the campaign were met with enthusiasm by some, and suspicion by more. "Why do they wait until we threaten to leave to tell us they like us?" asked a young francophone woman who watched last week's mass No rally in Montreal. And, said Quebec Interprovincial Affairs Minister Lucienne Boudreau after the loss, "English-Canadians have talked it all about how much they like us. Now it's time to do more than talk."

One thing is clear: the country isn't likely to change just last time. The edge of the constitutional abyss, visible or unwilling to turn back.

With JANE PARSON as Toronto, MARIE NGUYEN in Calgary, JIMMY DIMON in Halifax and E. RAYE FULTON in Ottawa



Charest joined with the possibility of defeat, the Prime Minister vowed to reverse Quebec's distinct society demands

In the final days, the federalists had an air of desperation

The narrowness of the victory contributed to a subdued campaign from Liberal Leader Daniel Johnson, who headed up the No campaign. In a strong contrast to Premier Jacques Parson, who blazed ahead voters, Johnson said he wanted to "fresh out to us all Quebecers." He acknowledged deep disappointment of Quebecers who voted for the sovereignty, and said that the outcome was a clear sign that the province was not ready.

The close shave for the federalists was not predicted at the start of the campaign. Throughout September, several polls pointed to a comfortable victory for the No side. Then, on Oct. 3, the campaign began to turn. "The manna arrived," said Christie Sr., the Liberal member of the national assembly for Lac Beauport. "And such people wanted a manna." The manna was Blue Quebecers. Leader Lucien Bouchard, washed into the leadership after strategists

recognition as a distinct society. "We will be a province open to all other paths for change, including the administrative and constitutional paths," Christie said.

The event that helped to push the No side back to respectability came three days before the vote, with a massive rally in downtown Montreal attended by an estimated 100,000 people, many of them from across the country. "It made it obvious that there's an attachment to Canada," Stron said. To the very end, the campaign was a heart-stopping affair. After all, said Stron, the possibility of losing a country "is no small thing." But the razor-thin margin will allow us to see the victory for very long. As Johnson put it, tellingly, "It is important to ensure that there is a quick conclusion."

WARREN CARAGATA is Montreal

realized that Parson would not be able to bring victory. The federalists were unable to refute Bouchard's line of attack that a No vote would bring only a new relationship with the rest of Canada, not a sharp break. By the end of the campaign, polls suggested that 45 per cent of Quebecers were sure that they would be able to keep their Canadian passports in the event of a Yes vote. A quarter thought they would still be voting like in the 1995 election.

While the No side talked of the dangers that would follow a Yes, the Yes side talked of the light, a classic campaign of the positive versus the negative. And people were attracted to the positive. Classic Quebec, reminiscent of 1977, said Bouchard, was a masterful campaign that played on the attachment that all Quebecers, even separatists, have for Canada. "Federalists took a while to realize they were in a fight," said Gauthier.

The man was not helped when it appeared that Johnson and Prime Minister Jean Chrétien were in odds over recognition of Quebec as a distinct society. It was a short-lived dispute, but it provided a boost to Bouchard's campaign. Johnson admitted that the dispute hurt. He and the Prime Minister hastily tried to recover with a joint statement. But then, an air of desperation about the No side became more palpable when Chrétien altered his schedule in order to appear in Quebec throughout the final week of the campaign. And faced with the possibility of a stunning repudiation of his entire political career, Chrétien did what would have been unthinkable a few months before. At a giant rally in Montreal and in a special television broadcast last week, he put the country on the road once again to constitutional bargaining with a promise to resist Quebec's longstanding demands for recognition as a distinct society. "We will be a province open to all other paths for change, including the administrative and constitutional paths," Christie said.

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WARREN CARAGATA is Montreal

'WE WILL HAVE OUR COUNTRY'

The Yes side vows to continue the fight

ITV BARRY CAME

For the 7,000 cheering Quebec separatists who gathered in Montreal's overcast Place des Comptes to witness the birth of a country, television night began well. Less than five minutes after the polls closed at 8 p.m., the first results from the tiny Magdalen Islands made the crowd go wild. "We vote out separatism," they chanted rhythmically over and over, as the giant television screens mounted at the site of the campaign's headquarters showed the exhibitions of the *lesunary* islands in the Gulf of St. Lawrence voting heavily in favor of independence. Less than an hour later, however, the somewhat lukewarm had grown silent. The results of the referendum were slowly dinned that Quebec's referendum had not created a new nation—but rather had deeply divided the one that

By the time the results began to trickle in from the metropolitan Montreal region, where half of the province's five million voters live, it became apparent that Quebec, as all the pollsters had predicted, was heading for an almost even split between the forces of federalism and those of separatism. With 50 per cent of the votes counted shortly before 10 p.m., the No side was leading with slightly more than 50 per cent of the vote. And there was no doubt about the reason why. As anticipated, Quebec's two francophone populations turned out in strength against Premier Jacques Parson's federalist government. In fact, many of the francophones were voting against Parson's own language and ethnic laws. Parson's chief concern that the No side had lost because of "racism and the ethnic vote" only so declined that depressing drizzle.

The poets inside the Palais des Congrès told the story. As the results in riding after riding from the city's heavily anglophone and allophone areas flashed onto the giant screens, the now-silent crowd boomed loudly. And when, at 10:30 p.m., the television networks announced that, for the second time in Quebec's modern history, the province's voters had voted to secede in Canada rather than remain

COVER

on the path towards independence, the separatists through hell and only almost. They watched, almost stunned, as one by one federalist supporters, waving Canadian and Quebec flags cheered and shouted at the No sale's headquarters nearby. "Quebecers have made their choice," Quebec's Treasury Board president Pauline Marois told the crowd. "Let's respect their choice."

Martin, who sat close to Lewis himself in the crowded arena, says many in the crowd, and they would have to wait for another day, and she appealed for "anarchy" in the difficult days ahead. Deputy premier Bernard Landry was less generous. Passing to the overwhelming No vote among non-francophones, Landry warned what he called the "cultural communities" to "think long and profoundly" about their role in thwarting the will of Quebec's francophone majority. In fact, most francophone voters did vote in favor of independence, or at least in favor of the *no* in a referendum—the

song, confessing that "the hour is difficult" while quickly adding that federalists who think that the independence movement has been defeated are badly mistaken. "There are people in Ottawa who will feel free to do what they please," he said. "They are wrong. Let's tell them that they have not pulled the sovereignty project up by the roots. It is in the gutsy Quebecers to be stifled now."

As for the Quebec premier, he is likely to remain at the helm of the PQ, at least for the time being. But his prosovereignist referendumist performance in winning non-francophone voters for the Yes side's drive at last new dawn in his long tenure (quite as party leader and premier) throws some question marks, too, over the political heart of several members of his cabinet. When Parti Québécois ministers, be they ministers, be a likely to carry out the full-scale sovereigntist program. Among the first to go, observers said, will be Restructuring Minister Richard Le Hic, whose misunderstanding of economic statistics of independence almost destroyed the Yes campaign even before it started.

Once the PG cabinet is shuffled, Paretos will reconvene the national assembly, likely some time late in November. Then, the government will likely launch a number of initiatives, attempting to gain momentum what could not be won in the referendum. The first item will be an attempt to wrest some power from the grip of the federal government. After that, Paretos will have to tackle his province's difficult financial situation, bringing the same kind of

deficit reduction and cuts to social services that other provinces have already embarked upon. That will be doubly difficult in view of the political debt Pearson now owes to organized labor as a result of trade union support in the referendum campaign. But he already has a handy scapegoat—the federal government.

He may no longer target supporters in the coming months. Parotius, has voice hoarse, singled out Quebec's minorities for the 2016 referendum. He told the cheering crowd in the Massachussetts that "we need about 70 per cent of francophones, 60 per cent of anglophones and 10 per cent of others and next time we'll get 80 or 85 or 90 per cent of it." While the crowd shouted the traditional separatist chant of "Le Quebec and Quebecois," Parotius roared: "Don't forget that three-fifths of us voted Yes. It wasn't quite enough, but very soon it will be enough. Our country is within our grasp. We are going to demonstrate that we are able, even if we don't have a country as yet, but that we will force French society that has its heart in the right place, and in the long run, finally we will have a country, as a francophone and anglophone country." For the people, both in Quebec and in the rest of the country, who had hoped that the vote might finally settle the issue, Parotius's vow could hardly be less welcome.

A KEY PLAYER

Although Prime Minister Jean Chrétien and Progressive Conservative Leader Jean Charest are both veteran parliamentarians and Quebecers with many mutual ac-

painters, it was not until shortly after the October, 1993 election that they had their first in-person meeting. "I bumped into him at the of Comarca one day and he told me to come up and visit him some time," recalled recently. He accepted the minister's invitation, and the two met more than an hour over coffee in an office discussing the similarities of Christen's leadership campaign, when he lost to John Turner, and Charest's 1993 loss to Kim Campbell. In both cases, they lost at the ballot box, but won the hearts of most early members.

And Charrest learned something else: "I liked the guy," he said of Charbon, "a lot more than I thought I would." Similarly, Charbon, who publicly described Charrest as "my friend" last week, told acquaintances how much he missed him.

Now, as the wake of Monday's disaster takes its reverend turn, their relationship takes on crucial new importance for the entire country. Charrest, Charbon's friend, was the unscathed star in an otherwise badly flawed Internet campaign, and as the eye New Wave capitalist sinking in a emotional chasm with Quebecers.

**BACKSTAGE
OTTAWA**

BY ANTHONY
WILSON-SMITH

jeels—hawkish on the need for spending cuts, and dovish on the need for strong social programs—are close to those of many Liberals. In addition to being liked in Quebec, Charest is particularly close to two leaders who will have crucial roles in any future changes to the role of the provinces, Ontario Premier Mike Harris and Alberta's Ralph Klein.

The potential problems are mostly party ones. Some Liberal cabinet ministers would deeply resent the presence at any gathering—especially one with the leadership quilters of Charest. Even though Liberal and Tory politics are many, many miles apart, along their political cultures are very different. Few at Chretien's inner circle would welcome an intruder whose power would challenge their own, and some of the handful of remaining Tories across the country would be baffled at the idea of their leader sleeping with the traditional enemies.

*a potential recruit for a
of minimal reconciliation'*

Charvet needs a position of authority appropriate to his abilities—and a credible platform from which to challenge Lucien Bouchard head-on in the dark but a necessary direction. For all his strengths, Charvet needs a fresh eye, ear and policy.

Quebecers voted in Lucien Bouchard, Charvet told a No-nukes rally in Ottawa last week, the campaign, "the Prime Minister will walk on the same side of the street every day." Monday's vote should mark the beginning, rather than the end, of their promise made together. They have constitutional promises to keep—and must go on before Canadians can sleep.



At a separate rally, portraits of Perleau, Park action director-house leader Mike Dumont and Roucheard: the choir turned its men



■ Character: a potential recruit for a government of national reconciliation



CHRETIEN'S CLOSE SHAVE

BY PETER C. NEWMAN

The referendum vote, indecisive as it was, had one clear result: the status quo is dead.

It would be ironic to discuss the mission of the majority of the voters in a call to do nothing. It is true that we have evaded the agony of a Yes victory, but that does not mean we will not make the pain of having to drastically alter a system that caused nearly half the voters of the nation's second-most populous province to reject their country.

The reason for the surge of separatist power was based not so much on Lucien Bouchard's image as on Jean Chrétien's failure to make the voters stop imagining. By defending nothing more noble or inspiring than leaving things as they were, the Prime Minister came dangerously close to fulfilling one of the old lives of politics: that people seldom vote for what they already have. The federalists won despite their strategic errors and policy misperceptions.

When the campaign began, it was there for the federalists to lose, as they should. But they succeeded by was due mainly to the emotional impact of ordinary Canadians disavowing Chrétien's instructions to stay out of the referendum battle and showing ordinary Quebecers that they cared and didn't want them to leave.

At the same time, nearly half of Quebec voters endorsed a separatist platform that maintains the concept of the government that will continue to be charged with the responsibility of the 1990s. By turning over his leadership of the Yes forces to Bouchard in mid-campaign, Jacques Parizeau simply demonstrated that he is a True Believer, but he will stop at nothing to make his dreams come true, even at the cost of his pride and ego. That makes true, as does his unquestionable power to cause radical change at the conduct of the nation's affairs over the next four years.

To pretend for a moment that Quebec voted to preserve things as they are would be to dangerously misread the vote. Despite all of the efforts to make French Canada feel at home in the rest of the country, Quebecers have rejected the argument that French culture can be protected by an English-Canadian government—even if it is led by a Québecois. They now know that they must make their own way of life, and that the hope for constitutional change is, if not dead, at least dormant.

The No campaign's low point occurred on Oct. 23, when Clyde Wells, whose 1980 decision to fill the Miramichi Lake accord by not granting his own legislature to vote as the dead, came out against "ever" growing Quebec: the detachment is too so long sought. The timing of his intervention was staged it could have been tragic. He made it clear that

The Prime Minister has one last chance to prove his worth



many effort by the Ottawa government to satisfy Quebec's constitutional aspirations will fail, because such an effort will never gain unanimous support.

The political issue that has emerged from this referendum is not new. The same struggle of the power that helped defeat the Meech and Charlottetown accords, that seek Ken Campbell and Lynn McLachlan, that prevented Rogers Cable executives from realizing what was going on with their customers—everything that the Establishment's game advised—turned out to be counterproductive. The complacency that set in among Ottawa's No vote almost lost to our country.

We cannot beat the odds with these people in charge, ever again. What makes a democracy is that leaders must be accountable. Jean Chrétien has one more chance to prove that he can actually do something, instead of merely accepting an office that has anger, "Prime Minister of Canada," on its door.

The first step will be to re-examine the true dimensions of his own mandate. While Chrétien has been heading in the wrong, considerable glow of public favor ever since his election two years ago, he has done nothing to deserve his high ratings. Sometimes, just being there is not enough—especially when you're supposed to be leading a country into the next century. Chrétien seems never to have taken account of the fact that while he did win a majority mandate in 1985, fully one-third of Canadians cast their votes in the wild by voting for Preston Manning's Reformers or Bouchard's Bloc Québécois. Both movements were—and are—genuinely opposed to the Liberal party's traditionally opportunistic politics.

To lead off the next referendum—and the negotiations have to change the odds of less than 50,000 voters to win it—the Prime Minister will have to grab the initiative, if it is the policies, of a Keith Klein or a Mike Harris. He must become a political activist, a quality that one would think aligns with his job description. The opportunity will arise with the 1997 constitutional review, and those Canadians who object to such measures now know the price of ignoring them. If Canada outside Quebec continues to ignore the province's demands and aspirations, there is one no doubt that need time around will truly be the country's last chance.

Canada's history of the past 13 years has been a retreat from faith in the country's institutions, including the Red Cross, the monarchy, the guard of honor, the Grey Cup, and so on. What the referendum was really about was a test of how deeply Quebecers believe in the ultimate Canadian institution, Canada itself.

Those politicians whose sense of urgency survived the referendum, just because the No campaign happened to come up with a narrow win, will be bringing their support to govern. The inevitable fact is that the burden of proof has now shifted from the Yes camp to the No camp.

It is up to those of us who passionately believe in this country, as I do, to prove to our fellow Canadians in Quebec that we have common cause, and that the future belongs to all of us.

Rebecca West, my favorite British essayist, got it right when she wrote that "there is nothing sadder than a man who can be treated as a slave to follow very happily, however eagerly he may grasp it." That's the way it is with countries. You don't notice the value of your home country until you almost lose it.

We come too damn close last Monday night. To most of the world's people, Canada appears blessed with the mandate of heaven. Let's celebrate that we have been granted one more chance to make it so.

TASTE THE FEELING.

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were less, drove from in and around Montreal. Traffic clogged the highways and bridges from the city's suburbs, and all morning bus- and commuter trains from the city's suburban commuter lines to the west and north were jammed with cheering suburbanites, most mostly wearing big Canadian and Quebec flags. But none remarkable was the response of those from much farther afield. The rally's organizers estimated that between 25,000 and 250,000 people took part in what federal Fisheries Minister Brian Tulin christened the "Crusade for Canada." Fuelled by bargain basement discounts on Canadian Airlines and Air Canada, Via Rail and dozens of bus companies, they embarked on what amounted to a cross-country rail and bus tour.

The grassroots effort came while political leaders outside Quebec added their 11th-hour pleas to Quebecers to reject secession. The top leaders of British Columbia and Prince Edward

Island urged Quebecers to vote no, in Ontario and Nova Scotia, legislators passed resolutions recognizing Quebec's distinctive character, and the legislatures of both New Brunswick and Newfoundland adopted resolutions calling for constitutional recognition of

Quebec. In New Brunswick, nearly 1,500 people gathered around 30 buses chartered by the province-owned New Brunswick bus line, held a rally at the Quebec border and then travelled on to Montreal to join Premier Frank McKenna and 60 members of his caucus in Place du Canada. In Saskatchewan, more than 100 people signed up for two charter flights to Montreal as well as a charter. The Vancouver International Airport, Nanaimo schoolteacher Leslee Charland, bearing a 66-per-cent discounted Canadian Airlines flight to Montreal, and she was going to Quebec "to shake people up, one at a time." In Brockville, Ont., where demonstrators created a national scandal in 1996 by occupying the Quebec flag, local resident Dave Kelly spent \$400 to put four loads of acrobats on buses bound for Montreal. And in Toronto, local news organized a fleet of more than 100 buses. "It's unprecedented," said University of Toronto historian Michael Snow as he remarked upon the unprecedented outburst in Place du Canada. "Canada's like when a patient is going to die—you resort to heroic measures."

Severely, naturally, viewed the rally as an entirely different light. Bouchard termed it as coarseness in hypocrisy masked against a backdrop of hypocrisy. "It will cost us dearly to be sold we're loved," Bouchard remarked at a tea rally in St-Hyacinthe, 30 km east of Montreal, mockingly holding his hand over his heart. Bouchard charged that the rally had cost as much as \$8.3 million, and claimed that the transportation companies had violated Quebec's strict information



Quebecers from top left, giant Montreal rally; a force in the Montreal crowd; Edmonton students with banners; the anti-secessionists; travelling from near and far for an outpouring of emotion

'CRUSADE FOR CANADA'

as Taylor drove his truck from Toronto, as 11th-hour with 600,000 province signatures on the side. Harry MacLeod came from Ottawa with his silver bicycle. John and Sheila MacLeod arrived from Halifax, carrying their three young children and an enormous bag of home-made muffins stuffed with chocolate chips. And Gaston Lefebvre simply brought himself, by using all the way from Edmonton draped in a red and white Canadian flag. Along with tens of thousands of others from across the country, they stood shoulder to shoulder under leafless trees last Friday while a brisk wind applied the freights in the crowd across in downtown Montreal. There were chants and cheers, over a low roar. But they shouted loudest and loudest when Prime Minister Jean Chretien, a tiny jerk in his voice, thanked them all for demonstrating their devotion to a Canada that includes Quebec. "We will do what is needed," Chretien vowed. "We will make the changes that are needed so that Canada will move into the 21st century united from sea to sea."

It has been called in the past, the Prime Minister struck the right note in the occasion. For his words caught the mood of the massive anti-secession rally in Montreal's Place du Canada. It was an emotional affair, a huge outpouring of patriotic sentiment by people intent on appealing directly



to the hearts of Quebecers just three days before the vote to cede to the future of Quebec and Canada. "We came here to tell Quebecers in the only way we know how that we don't want them to leave us," said 42-year-old Halifax mother Sheila MacLeod as she bawled over her muffins in the devotion of her three youngsters, each sporting painted, if chocolate-stained, flags of Canada and Quebec on their faces. Nearby, Edmontonian Lefebvre, 37, nodded in agreement as Conservative Leader Jean Chretien held the crowd that "billions of millions of Quebecers are listening to you today." "Miserable Lefebvre," I hope he's right. I hope all of this is not too late, too late."

In terms of sheer numbers, it would have been difficult for anyone in Quebec to escape the message. Estimates of the size of the crowd varied, depending on the source. According to separatist spokesmen, including Bloc Quebecois leader Lucien Bouchard, the crowd numbered 35,000. Federalist spokesmen, citing unaffiliated police estimates, claimed that 150,000 had attended. But whatever the number, it was by far the largest single gathering of Quebec's referendum campaign—and possibly the biggest political rally in the country's modern history. The participants came from far and near. Certainly, the vast majority



Quebec as a "distinct society" within Canada—a key nationalist demand.

But the efforts of ordinary citizens overshadowed the politicians' gestures. Ottawa police estimated that as many as 4,000 people lined up outside the city's baseball stadium on Friday morning, waiting to board a fleet of 105 buses provided by local school boards and transport companies. Tens of thousands of people lined up on cars, many with teenagers wrapped in Canadian flags. "You feel kind of helpless watching this whole thing on TV," said 34-year-old John Thibault, Quebec and Canadian flags jutting from the top of his Montreal Express baseball cap. "Now, it's clear this whole country could go down the tubes, so hopefully this rally might bring a few undecided voters in Quebec to vote the right way."

There were similar stories right across Ca-

leading law by discounting terms. Quebec's chief claim, warning, six companies that they may face fines of up to \$10,000. The companies, including both airlines, rejected the charges.

If there was reason in the separatist camp, however, there was not much of that among the tens of thousands in Place du Canada. "I feel good about this," said Ottawa marketing executive Barry Mott, 53, as he sat atop his 35-watt boom. "None of this may do any good, but at least it gives all of us a chance to do something to try and save the country." Few among the milling throng who was watching would have disagreed with that.

BARRY CAME in Montreal with JOHN DEBONOY as PHILIP. MARY KENNETH in Calgary and LANE PERRE in Ottawa

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The high cost of protest

It stinks with road asphaltene—while she is shopping at the grocery store, watching television with her kids, trying to sleep in bed with her husband. Suddenly, at least once a week, Judy LeBlanc's inflamed bronchial airways swell shut. Shaking the flow of air also what is left of her meager lungs. That sometimes she always makes it to the annual machine that is never far from her side, slips on the scale and takes a precious hit of vitamins, a method that instantly opens her lungs—but leaves her heart pounding and brings on an hour of body-wrecking spasms and nausea. LeBlanc is afflicted with a severe respiratory disease, bronchiectasis, a condition that her doctors say is aggravated by Saint John's notoriously bad air quality. In her worst moments, LeBlanc fears she is living on borrowed time—just the year, it seems, to turn an obstinately wife and mother into an outspoken environmental activist who gains support from city hall and respect from the province's most powerful companies.

On one recent autumn day, LeBlanc made her daily call to the Saint John Air Quality Hot line, set up by the provincial government earlier this year in response to widespread concerns about the city's air quality. It told her that the levels of sulphur dioxide, carbon monoxide and other pollutants were low enough for her to leave her modest bungalow on the city's east side, where Saint John's heavy industry is located. So the last 50th woman stood in the crowd outside the emergency department at Saint John Regional Hospital and watched a maple tree planted in memory of Cynthia Marino, who, together with LeBlanc, had waged a high-profile desecration crusade and who died on May 23 after an asthma attack. Back home, she thought about her friend Marino and their final, irrevocable promise: As LeBlanc explained matter of factly, "Cynthia and I always swore that if one of us died, the other would carry on the work."

An ailing Saint John housewife campaigns to clean up the polluted air



LeBlanc of Marino's memorial: a promise to carry on

Marino, big and dark-haired, and LeBlanc, tiny and blond, first met at the inaugural meeting of the city's grassroots Citizens Coalition for Clear Air in January. "There was instant chemistry," LeBlanc recalled. "We were both quiet, middle-class housewives trying to deal with our sickness in silence." Both could also hear the clock ticking since being diagnosed with her disease in 1988, LeBlanc had lost a portion of her right lung and was forced to take huge amounts of antibiotics, steroids and other drugs to stabilize her condition. Marino suffered from a condition called brittle asthma, a form so severe that she could only breathe with the help of a pump attached through

her stomach. Living where they did clearly did not help. "Although air pollution is not a major cause of respiratory disease, it can exacerbate it," says Dr. Robert Beveridge, a respiratory specialist at Saint John Regional Hospital, who treated Marino.

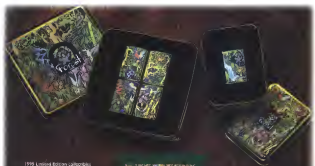
The gritty New Brunswick industrial city remains one of Canada's most polluted hotspots. A 1994 Environment Canada study showed that Saint John has higher levels of sulphuric acid in its air than any other Canadian city—about three times as much as Windsor, the next worst offender. Even more worrisome, perhaps, is research conducted by Beveridge that indicates that Saint John's residents, on a per capita basis, are 50 per cent more likely to die of respiratory problems than people in any other New Brunswick city. He, along with scientists from the federal health and environment departments, has started a sweeping study into the links between pollution and illness in Saint John.

A prime source of the contaminants are smokestacks in the heavily industrialized areas of Central Canada and New Brunswick. But, Jeffrey Brink, a Toronto-based research scientist with Environment Canada, says that much of the pollution is homegrown. It pours out of the pulp mills, refinery and newspaper mill owned by the wealthy and powerful Irving family of Saint John, as well as the Laclede Sugar Ltd. refinery. Even greater concentrations come from the stacks of the electrical generating stations run by the provincially owned New Brunswick Power Co. Making matters worse is Saint John's damp, foggy weather, which prevents the polluted air from quickly dispersing and speeds up the pace at which sulphur dioxide becomes sulphuric acid.

Marino and LeBlanc knew all about that as they sat in their first coalition meeting. Each had already taken her concerns to city hall. "We heard the same old attitude," LeBlanc declared. "John always win out over clean air and water when push comes to shove in Saint John." But the Citizens Coalition, made up of more than 100 ordinary residents of Saint John, seemed to signal an angry new public attitude.

On the morning after the meeting, Marino called LeBlanc, suggesting that the other woman shared her urgency. The pair quickly

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because the group's public face, addressing government committees and visiting industry associations, always backed up their arguments with well-known scientific research compiled from expert sources. Actually, they avoided singing out the bridge—the city's largest employer—and the other big industrial companies, which would have made it easy to dismiss them as anti-business whiners. "They came across as positive, rational people who just want to improve air quality," explained Jim Knight, an equality manager for the New Brunswick department of environment.

Their positive approach was also appreciated by some of the targeted firms. "We give full credit to Mrs. Marini and Mrs. LeBlanc for reminding us that we must work with our neighbors," says Jim LeBlanc, environmental affairs manager for Irving Oil Ltd.'s refining division. Among other new initiatives, says LeBlanc, the company now notifies residents when it concludes that emissions orders from the court and Saint John refinery will be a problem.

But what really seemed to give the campaign its spark were the personal stories of the two women and the private pain they shared with anyone who would listen. In March, they walked into the provincial legislature in Fredericton with a 4,100-signature petition calling for tougher environmental laws and more stringent enforcement of air-quality orders. Confirmation of their newfound clout came in May when Marini was invited to join the government-appointed Saint John's Pardon air resource management area committee. But on May 26, two days before her first committee meeting, Marini's husband, Bob, found the 36-year-old mother of three collapsed on the floor, dead from an acute asthma attack. It was two weeks shy of her daughter Jennifer's high-school graduation—and five weeks before the government announced that it was slashing in half the maximum sulphur dioxide emission levels permitted in the Saint John area. "She had too many close calls in her death," says LeBlanc. "It just certifies the fact knowing she had made a difference."

LeBlanc would at least like to think so. Her doctors have already warned her that she is pushing too hard to keep her promise to Marini. In the past year, LeBlanc has lost 35 lbs., her throat and mouth are constantly covered with blisters from a reaction to her medications, and her immune system has deteriorated to the point where even something as minor as strep throat could be life-threatening. But in late October, as she prepared to check into the hospital for treatment, LeBlanc's main area of responsibility must be gathering up her children's countless research materials so she could continue to work while under doctor's care. "I'm committed to keeping my promise to Cynthia," she says, "no matter what the obstacles." Or, apparently, the price.

JOHN DEMONT in Saint John



A winter stormy night expected kill-on a public warning

'This person is sick'

B.C. police fear a brutal killer could strike again

Taryn de Wit was at his usual post last week, standing in the rain under a cold and white, overcast sky. At Abbotsford Junior Secondary School's every lunch hour, principal de Wit stands himself in the parking lot to keep an eye on his students and to scan passing cars on Brown Avenue for the potential troublemakers. These days, de Wit has reason to be more vigilant than usual. On Oct. 14, two 15-year-old girls were attacked outside his school—and only one lived to tell the tale. By late last week, the 28-year-old assistant re-assured at large: But a man whose investigations believed was responsible for the attack had no previous police in Abbotsford, a farming community 70 km east of Vancouver, vowed to kill again. The police, in turn, issued a stern warning, asking Vancouver-area residents—especially young women—not to walk the streets at night until the killer is apprehended. "This person is a very sick individual," said Abbotsford police Const. Ely Savchuk, "and there's no saying who his next target will be."

The fear that a serial killer could be on the loose began to take shape in the early hours of Oct. 14, when a badly beaten teenager, Misty Cockrell, staggered into the emergency room at an Abbotsford hospital. After attending a party the previous evening, Cockrell and her friend, Tanya Smith, had been dropped off near the school, where they were attacked by a man whom Cockrell later described as tall, slim, and in his 30s with reddish hair and a bald spot. Three hours after Cockrell arrived at the hospital, Smith's mangled body was found in the Vedder River in Yarrow, a small farming community just outside Abbotsford. Though Smith had suffered head wounds from a blunt object, an autopsy later revealed that she had drowned.

Shortly after the attack, an unidentified

man made the first of three calls to Abbotsford police. Discarding information that police say may not only the killer could know, the man chided investigators about their failure to crack the case. One police psychologist who analyzed tapes of the calls said that the killer was clearly deriving a twisted pleasure from taunting the officers. Then, five days after Smith's murder, a man matching the suspect's description tried to drag a 38-year-old woman off an outside Vancouver street. She managed to escape and call police—who responded by issuing their public warning.

The crimes shocked many residents at Abbotsford, which has seen its population swell to over 105,000 in the past decade as Vancouver's population boom spread through the Fraser Valley. "The more people you get," said Abbotsford Mayor George Pergam, "the more people problems you get." At the same time, Pergam said residents are deterred that they will not be held hostage in their own community. In fact, while many parents have been driving their children to school or part-time jobs at Abbotsford last week, many youngsters still wandered the streets. The shopping malls were also clogged with customers. "People aren't locked in their houses," said Pergam. "This is not a ghost town."

Those who live near the scene of the attack spent Cockrell and Smith are not so sanguine. One such resident, 18-year-old Jennifer Oliver, organized a "Take Back Our Streets" rally to coincide with a vigil held for Smith on Oct. 27. "It's spooky out there," said Oliver, adding that fear has transformed her community. "The guy had as right to take our freedom away. I don't remember Tanya, I'm hoping we can help the community live again."

ROBIN AUELLO in Abbotsford

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Canada NOTES

A new trial for Robert Latimer?

Robert Latimer, the Saskatchewan grain farmer who loaded himself as the centre of a national debate last year over mercy killing, appeared headed for a new trial following revelations of possible jury tampering. Latimer was convicted in November, 1994, of second-degree murder in what he described as the mercy killing of his 12-year-old daughter, Tracy, who suffered from a severe form of cerebral palsy. He was given a life sentence with no chance of parole for 20 years—a verdict that was upheld by the Saskatchewan Court of Appeal in July and has been appealed to the Supreme Court of Canada.



Latimer and Tracy's evidence

At a news conference in Regina, Saskatchewan deputy justice minister Brent Carter revealed that the RCMP, following a request from the Crown, gathered information from prospective jurors before Latimer's original trial about their position

on a number of issues, including religion, abortion and mercy killing. Some of these questions ended up on the jury. The prosecutor was aware of that, added Carter, but did not inform the defence. "This direct contact creates the perception that Mr. Latimer may not have received a fair trial before an impartial jury," said Carter.

Following these revelations, Latimer's lawyer, Mark Brayford, said he will file an appeal with the Supreme Court of Canada this week, asking for a new trial. The Crown said that it supported Brayford's bid. The prosecutor is the original trial, Randy Kirkham, has been suspended with pay pending an investigation into his actions and involvement in the RCMP.

Latimer, meanwhile, remained free on bail at his farm near Wilkie, about 150 km east of Saskatoon. He told reporters that he was optimistic that he would be granted a new trial.

QUEEN TRICKED INTO TALKING

Buckingham Palace demanded an apology from a Montreal radio-show producer who pretended to be Prime Minister Jean Chretien and tricked the Queen into taking part in the Canadian unity debate, Raymond Bressard of *radio mika* maintains his audience by mimicking the Prime Minister, and recently even managed to get through to Pope John Paul II. During their 17-minute chat, the Queen told Bressard "I'll can help in any way, I will be very happy to do so."

BENEFITS FOR GAYS

The Nova Scotia government changed its definition of spouse to extend financial and dental benefits to partners of gay and lesbian civil servants. The change will allow homosexual government workers to apply to have their same-sex partners covered by the civil service benefits plan. "It's wonderful," said gay activist Jane Kavanagh of *maika*. "It is a very good news."

TORTURE AND DEATH

Six Ottawa teenagers were arrested after a 17-year-old youth was murdered and three of his friends tortured in a bizarre kidnapping that may have been gang-related. The body of Sylvain Lucas was found in an apartment in suburban Mississauga, along with a boy and two girls who were bound, gagged and blindfolded. Police would not say how Lucan was killed, but all four appeared to have been beaten and tortured with a cutting iron.

RICH WILLING TO PAY MORE

Support for universal medical care appears to have slipped in the past year among wealthy Canadians. A national survey of 2,680 people conducted last spring for the Toronto-based Cesse Health Monitor, a newsletter that tracks public opinion on health issues, found that people who feel they can afford it are increasingly ready to pay their own way. Karl Dinger, managing director of the Monitor, said that three-quarters of those respondents with family incomes over \$75,000 a year said university is "very important," while 81 per cent of those earning less than \$20,000 did so.

CHAIN GANGS MAY RETURN

Gangs of shackled prisoners could soon be clearing up ditches along Alberta's highways if the provincial government adopts a plan to force some offenders in chain gangs. Justice Minister Brian Evans said he wants to use crews of low-risk convicts for manual labor. No other province has chain gangs, but Alabama recently reinstated a similar program.

Taking the heat

British Columbia Premier Mike Harcourt fired his conservative ally, minister, Joan Smallwood, after she publicly criticized his handling of a food-canning scandal that has dogged the province's New Democratic Party. Smallwood told reporters that Harcourt was not doing enough to address what she called the "enormous crisis" facing the party since the Oct. 13 release of a consumer auditor's report that traced back profits from charity meals ended up helping to fund NDP operations. "It's the leader," said Smallwood. "He has to be involved in closing the name of our party."

Some NDP backbenchers denounced the firing, with Delta North MLA Norman Loebe calling it Harcourt's resignation. "We seem to be in a state of anarchy—disarray," said Loebe. Burnaby MLA Fred Randall said the premier should call a public inquiry—sweeping Harcourt has said he will not do "It's dragging us on and on and it's a hell of a mess," said

Randall. Harcourt defended his rights to fire Smallwood, saying that cabinet ministers are obliged to support their premier or risk being dismissed. He also asserted that he is handling the food-canning scandal in a proper fashion, pointing out that his government has been asked to study the other end of the report back to the NDP's annual convention in March. "I'm not resigning," he said. "There takes the night decisions."

Biker crackdown

Quebec police stormed a motorcycle gang clubhouse and seized weapons in the biggest raid in the province's recently formed anti-gang squad. It made by 100 officers in several southern Quebec towns, officers arrested 15 people and seized a variety of weapons, including handguns, two assault rifles with bayonets, a sawed-off shotgun and a grenade. The squad is trying to quell a bloody turf war between the Hells Angels and another biker gang, the Rock Machine, that has resulted in 27 deaths over the past 18 months.

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THE RED REVIVAL

With Yeltsin ailing, Russia's Communists are on a roll

Remember this: If the old gang stays in power, it will be very difficult for you to make investments.

—Gennady Zyuganov, leader of the Russian Communist Party, to the American Council on Commerce

Adding a new and improved brand of communism—softer, more democratic and lessor friendly—is no easy task before an audience of skeptical Western businessmen. But Russia's Reds are reinvigorated after losing power and credibility in the 1991 collapse of the Soviet Union. With the hospitalization last week of President Boris Yeltsin, the fight for the future leadership of Russia has intensified dramatically. And that has made Communist leader Zyuganov even more of a key player in elections to parliament—and later the presidency—next summer.

Well before Yeltsin was stricken, opinion polls were showing that the Communists could control Russia's legislative Duma after voting scheduled for Dec. 17. Foreign businessmen had already taken note. In early October, Zyuganov invited chairs and secretary to his met over lunch with 130 businessmen who are members of the American Chamber of Commerce in Russia and talked about democracy, a mixed economy—and has been for a revived Soviet Union. After the recent bust, Evgeny Gurevich, a Norwegian-born executive who had dined next to Zyuganov, summed up the mood of his colleagues: "Said he, 'Business will certainly continue if the Communists regain power in Russia.'"

But Communist control of the fractious and ineffectual Duma would be only a small—if significant—step towards raising the standard of living. For power resides in the Kremlin. There, Yeltsin had been presiding over a country wracked by crime, corruption, a corrosive war within its borders in Chechnya and the widespread perception that the transition to capitalism has impoverished at least half of Russia's 150-million citizens. Ever cautious, Yeltsin had avoided declaring whether he would stand again for a four-year presidential term next June. But at



In New York City before he took sick, Yeltsin's remarks cause Clinton sleep doubt

ter he was rushed to hospital last week following his return from a visit to France and the United States, his political future was in deep doubt. "Who will vote for a sick man?" asked Sergei Markov, a senior analyst at the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace in Moscow.

Ducora said Yeltsin had suffered another bout of pneumonia—a blockage of the arteries he chafed that is often a precursor to a heart attack—following a similar episode in July. His aides insisted that he was still in command, but the physicians later said he would have to stay under care until the end of November. His scheduled trip to China was cancelled, and pending decisions on Bosnia and NATO were left hanging.

Who might replace him? The spotlight immediately turned to Prime Minister Viktor

Chernomyrdin. Yeltsin's ally and political heir apparent, the prime minister loyally refused to alter his schedule or take on any of Yeltsin's tasks. But speculation about his possible succession will intensify the longer Yeltsin is absent from the Kremlin, especially during the run-up to the parliamentary elections. For one thing, the prime minister is the leader of Our Home is Russia, a pro-government slate that critics have dubbed the party of power. Just as significantly, Chernomyrdin is bound to take over Yeltsin's job if the president is too ill to perform his duties. Yeltsin's close aides said to block that—the constitution also calls for presidential elections to be held within three months of any such event. But, if Yeltsin does not run in June, Chernomyrdin will almost surely pick up the torch.

Either man will face a determined challenge from the Communists, who are targeting the December elections as a potential springboard to installing a president in June. Both Zyuganov and the Yeltsin lieutenants are trying to forge central campaigns apart to just about anyone. To Russian voters and nervous Western investors alike, Zyuganov insists that the Communists have changed and that a government under the party's bannered banner-and-sickle emblem would only bring back the better aspects of Soviet rule: backward social security and a crackdown on organized crime and corruption certainly, but nothing as nasty as picking dictators and political opponents off to repressed concentration camps in Siberia.

Zyuganov has so successfully constructed an image of the responsible opposition leader that he—unlike his own namesake Vladimir Zhirinovskiy—received an invitation to chat with Bill Clinton during the U.S. President's visit to Moscow in May. Clinton initially permits the reform-minded Yeltsin, and the two were at pains to show how friendly they were when they met in New York City last week before Yeltsin fell ill. But the hugs and belly laughs could not disguise the growing tension between the former Cold War rivals. It is baffled in part by the revived Russian fear that the West wants to use an economically weak Russian state riddled by potential enemies. As a result, many Russians are receptive to arguments advanced by Zyuganov and other critics. Russia, they say, has been largely ignored in the United States and its allies took pains in Bosnia and develop plans for expanding NATO into eastern Europe. In New York, Yeltsin told Clinton Russia was ready to send peacekeepers to Bosnia, but they would not agree under NATO command. The two agreed that their similarities would try to work out a deal—which they had failed to do by week's end.

Russian shrewdness took in world affairs in an easy target for Yeltsin's weak leadership. Still, Zyuganov spends most of his time on purely domestic issues, cultivating support among the disgruntled masses who have seen the rewards of the country's banks and often violent new capitalism flow largely to a well-connected minority. Many of the party's supporters inhabit the "gray zone" in the Red Belt—rural areas with inefficient collective farms that have slowly eaten into subsidies, or cities where neorealist factories struggle to turn out rusted or too brittle instead of the tanks and planes they produced for the military.

Grinded with that lingering sense of dependency on the state is a countryside longing for the order and security—and to put the impression—that the Communist era provided. In a modest, two-room apartment less than four km from Red Square, 65-year-old Maslovskiy Gekkas Moscow expresses feelings shared by millions of her fellow citizens. Says the retired seamstress: "Our education rears its ferocious claws: dozens of people get killed and disappear every day. Certainly, my life under communism was better in almost every way. For one thing, I used to go out to the theatre frequently—now, I come here

WAITING IN THE WINGS

Until his hospitalization last week, Boris Yeltsin had been vigorously—perhaps too vigorously—acting like a man who wants to drop his job. In high-profile appearances that included seminars in France and the United States, the Russian president seemed intent on

demonstrating he was fit for re-election next June. But Yeltsin had not declared whether he would run, and now his poor health makes his candidacy for next likely. There is no shortage of people who want to succeed him, however. Little cartoonists:



VIKTOR CHERNOMYRDIN If Yeltsin stays out of the race, his substitute would almost certainly be Chernomyrdin, the 57-year-old former apparition who once ran the Soviet Union's powerful gas monopoly. Since taking office in December 1992, the bushy-browed prime minister has gained stature as a safe—if conservative—pair of hands guiding Russia's healing program of economic reform. Initially, Chernomyrdin fulfilled the expectations of fellow businessmen by maintaining state subsidies to the country's inefficient agricultural and industrial sectors. But he has gradually reduced those inflation-fueling



handouts. His popularity soared in June when he successfully negotiated an end to a bloody hostage-taking incident in southern Russia. He is now considered the country's most popular politician, but that is not saying much.

ALEXANDER LEBED At 45, Lebed is a new recruit to Russian politics, but the most popular former general in the country. With a voice like a bass drum, Lebed won points with the public as a greenhorn soldier delivering apartment house truths: Russia is overruled with criminals; the current regime is only interested in retaining power; the war in Chechnya has ended the country and demoralized the army. While commanding a former Soviet army in Moldova in 1992, Lebed struggled a three-year war between Russian army and rebellious Moldovan forces, gaining him adulation in Russia. Fled this year by Yeltsin for his outspoken opposition to the Duma, Lebed has surprisingly simple solutions to Russia's complex problems, offering to expose discipline on a disoriented nation—using former Chechen dictator Aslan Maskhadov as a role model. Lebed could be the presidential candidate in a coalition linking communists and nationalists.



GREGORY YAVLINSKIY The only liberal with any real chance, the 48-year-old economist has won respect by offering intelligent criticism—a taste-of-the-government's-pie. A strong advocate of a market economy, Yavlinsky rose to become the U.S.S.R.'s deputy prime minister for economic reform just before the old regime disappeared. In common with such former Yeltsin allies as Yegor Gaidar (another pet-Yeltsin economist), Yavlinsky has opposed the war in Chechnya. But his reputation dropped earlier this year when he publicly accepted Gaidar's offer to flee from their home base, and then backed out of the offer. His first choice, showing in opinion polls, many political observers write him off as little more than a talking of the Moscow media.



VLADIMIR ZHIRINOVSKIY The wild card of Russian politics. His 43-year-old Zhirinovskiy will run for the presidency no matter what scandals engulf him before then. Another would-be dictator, Zhirinovskiy gained massive support from disgruntled voters disenchanted with the parliamentary elections by addressing the problems facing ordinary Russians. Many of those voters are still frustrated and angry, but Zhirinovskiy may no longer be the fool's point for their present votes. He has been ineffectual in parliament, and his conduct in two recent incidents—throwing a glass of orange juice at an opponent during a heated debate and scuffling with a woman deputy during a fistfight in the Duma—has intensified doubts about his finger on the nuclear button.

banes after 6 p.m. because I am afraid that the streets are not safe. I was never a Communist but my role is going to go to Zhygarev."

While Novikova wants to vent her rage at the "bulldozers," 27-year-old Sergei Scholnikov is also helping the Communists inch back to world power. Simply put, he, like many other young Russians, is too busy making money to pay any attention to politics. Soviet authorities would have jailed him as a social parasite and speculator for selling works of art to foreigners and so-called New Russians. "I am not going to vote because I don't believe that the parliamentary elections will change my life in any way," he says. Recent polls show that at least 30 per cent of Russians have no intention of casting ballots, thereby magnifying the power of Communist supporters who, he believed, the party has enjoyed a string of successes in recent local elections where voter turnout has been low.

This evidence of a Red revival explains why



Zhygarev's hindered by a wooden public persona

Zhygarev is now being introduced at luncheons by such ambassadors of Western capitalism as the Coca-Cola company's Moscow representative. It also underlines the intent of the party's comeback since Yeltsin temporarily banned it after a headline patch failed in 1991. Now, the Communists have over 500,000 party members. That is by far the largest roll of supporters in a country where there are more than 200 political blocs, organizations and movements jostling before an increasingly alienated and confused electorate.

Zhygarev, too, has grown in stature since the mid-1990s. Then, he was an obscure bureaucrat in the party's ideology department, allied with the hardline Communists who were striving to block Gorbachev's plan for reform. Now, the 51-year-old grandfatherly expands on the need to find practical rather than ideological solutions to the country's problems. The increasingly shrill wailings of a new "Red menace" by members of the country's squabbling democratic movement go largely ignored. Among those sounding the alarm is Igor Gaidar, the pro-Western economist who overrode Moscow's first inflation strike away from a planned economy in 1991. He argues that Russia's Communists should not be

confronted with the reformed Marxists who have returned to power in Lithuania and other eastern European countries. Says Gaidar: "The lesson must be that we have passed the point of no return. But as one of the architects of Russian reform, I must assure you that our reforms are fully irreversible."

Zhygarev plays down the impact of a Communist comeback on Russia's shift to capitalism, stressing that his party favors an economy that would not state-owned, collective and private enterprises. In that regard, his pitch to Western investors is deceptively low-key. "We believe that the state should control the energy and transportation sectors as well as the country's military industrial complex, as without that you cannot have national sovereignty," he said. But that soothing statement jured Western energy-company representatives who attended the chamber of commerce luncheon: they are already having difficulties getting access to Russia's strategically oil- and gas reserves. And as Gaidar points out, a Communist return to the old system of massive state subsidies to collective farms and military supplies would fuel inflation and could plunge the country into economic chaos—again.

Still, more money for the extensive military industrial complex is a vital prerequisite for one of Zhygarev's foremost objectives in foreign policy: halting U.S. influence by restoring Moscow's status as the capital of a world superpower. Hence his call for the political resurrection of the Soviet Union. But he is at pains to note that any such restoration would have to be undertaken voluntarily by some or all of the 15 former republics.

Although his ambition is clear, Zhygarev will likely have to settle for a lesser achievement than leading a revived union—rebuilding the party. Fellow members praise him for his superb organizational skills, but they privately acknowledge that Zhygarev lacks the populist style that is vital for a successful run at the Russian presidency.

Zhygarev tacitly acknowledges that his wooden public persona would hinder him in any contest against Yeltsin as his successor in losing around a list of supportable candidates, naming three popular former generals: Alexander Lebed to go-Western economic; Gregory Yavlinsky, Zhygarev notably does not include his own name. But there is nothing wrong with his abilities as a liar. They went on display near the end his luncheon encounter, when an aide mistakenly allowed Coca-Cola's Russian representative with archangel Pepsi. Zhygarev swiftly corrected the slip with a loud stage whisper, smoothing over another bump in the Communist march back to respectability—and, perhaps, power.

MALCOLM GRAY in Moscow

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The business of war

Upmarket mercenaries help regimes in need

A crackle of rifle fire echoes off the hills and leads into the dense jungle of the West African state of Sierra Leone. Under a blustering sun in a secluded training camp 20 miles by helicopter from Freetown, the capital, a burly white South African is dressed in starched battle fatigues, a white beret and Ray-Ban sunglasses. "You're not going to survive in this jungle unless you can hit this target," Lt. Col. Paul Penzance firmly instructs a young recruit. Behind them a row of black soldiers—looking none as young as 16, and one 37-year-old known as "the secret weapon" due to his small size—wait to fire at a paper target. Some carry Russian-made assault rifles decked with rust, while others are holding wooden sticks worn smooth by use and wear.

Arms may be in short supply for this ragtag infantry. But there is no shortage of professional instruction. Penzance is one of 150 South Africans taking part in a lucrative training mission to help the Freetown government defend itself against a rebel insurgency that began as soon as leader Valentine Strasser seized power in 1992. The foreign military experts belong to a for-profit company called Executive Outcomes, widely recognized in Africa's circles of guerrilla warfare. They are specialist mercenaries, former members of elite South African forces who turned to the private sector to sell their expertise to "legitimate" governments—a questionable term in places like Sierra Leone, which has been ruled nearly by military dictatorship since achieving independence from Britain in 1961. Ironically, several black African countries that used to revile the clandestine operations of South Africa's special forces now welcome their bush-war expertise. "I feel they are helpful to us," says 2nd Lieut. Sada Smith of the Sierra Leone army. "I would like them to be with us for a long time."

Since arriving last February, Executive Outcomes has been credited with turning around a four-year civil war that had brought the small, but resource-rich country to the brink of economic ruin. People have moved the refugees from South Africa's war-torn villages and war-torn cities to the war-torn streets of Freetown. The war, steeped with corruption and revolving regimes—the latest coup attempt



Penzance (center) trains a man called 'the secret weapon' (left) and another soldier at a mission in Sierra Leone

was foisted in early October—has threatened Sierra Leone's potential as a gem, ore and timber exporter. More than 50,000 people have been killed and nearly half the country's four million residents are homeless. Disarmed and hunted, mining have ground to a halt. By last May, the rebels, led by a former army corporal, were at the edge of the capital and poised to topple Strasser, a 29-year-old former army captain who has presented elections next year.

Later Executive Outcomes, whose aggressive tactics have for now pushed the rebels away from key mining centers. Penzance regards himself as a corporate troubleshooter. "I don't consider myself a mercenary," he says. "We have a client with a certain need. Our business is to manage armies. The job isn't filling my mission as a training officer." Critics, though, see the agency's growth as a worrisome trend in the post-Cold War era.

"It is now becoming a multinational kind of concern," says Jiddo Cilliers, director of the independent Institute for Defence Policy in Johannesburg. He is alarmed by an influx of fighters from around the world who are coming to Africa under the Executive Outcomes umbrella. "Responsibility for global peace and security cannot be devolved to a private body; a necessary audit which is beyond the control of governments, purely connected in its undertaking," he says.

Nelson Mandela's government, a bit embarrassed by soldiers of fortune spending from the capital, is limiting a law to bar South Africans from entering foreign conflicts—especially in unstable nations. Says Deputy Foreign Minister Ann Pallo: "Today, they're here to defend you, tomorrow, those forces will be there to overthrow you." Other critics argue, pointing out that Executive Outcomes fought for Jonas Savimbi's UNITA rebels in Angola, then switched sides to help the Marxist regime defeat Savimbi for a reported fee of \$50 million.

Numbers like that have fuelled the controversy. Executive Outcomes will not discuss finances, but estimates of its charges run to more than \$800,000 a month, while soldiers' salaries start at \$2,700 a month. Even more intriguing is the firm's status as part of a network of 60 companies engaged in activities ranging from mining to water purification. International press reports say the holding company that owns Executive Outcomes also owns 40 per cent of a firm called Brahm Mining, which is now negotiating diamond-mining cooperation to partial payment for its affiliate's military assignment in Sierra Leone. "We are a business" said all Executive Outcomes general manager Stefan Boshoff last year when asked about the matter.

Boshoff, who formed his troop training group in 1989 after 17 years in the South African army, prefers to view his creation as a successful corporation doing a distasteful but necessary job. "We're not going to get involved in countries where ideologies and projects are being contested," he says. "We won't get involved in religious wars or conflicts where we don't understand the particular politics."

That is enough to satisfy many in Africa who quickly admit the Private outfit for increasing the chances of peace in small but volatile places like Sierra Leone. Says one Western diplomat: "Until Executive Outcomes proves that they are there for the right reasons, it can only be viewed as a good thing." Echoes the independent African newspaper *Daily News*: "A growing man doesn't find out the identity of the man who has come to him in a suit." But if he is a leader under attack, he will need to ask the price.

PHILIP WINSLOW in Freetown

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World NOTES

FINAL ETHNIC CLEANSING

An official expressed alarm over the disappearance of up to 3,000 east-Serbian men in northwest Bosnia, calling it a final round of "ethnic cleansing." Eyewitnesses told of beatings and killings by Bosnian Serbs, causing relief workers to fear the worst for the Muslim and Croatian men recently separated from their families due to fighting. An estimated 12,000 people were forced from their homes and detained, before being expelled from the region.

GERMANY'S ANGST

Chancellor Helmut Kohl lashed out at the Green Party and other peace protesters, calling them "Tutsky's henchmen" in a speech marking the 40th birthday of the Bundeswehr, modern Germany's army. Protesters yelled "murders, murderers" at a torchlight military parade held in Bonn for the occasion. Earlier in the week, the cabinet voted to send 4,000 troops to Bosnia, angering many in Germany who hold deep anti-military beliefs.

TROUBLE BREWING

Beijing media reports claimed that swagging bottles of Pabst beer had killed one man and poisoned 25 others with a rare virus. In China, the brand is licensed for brewing solely to a Canadian firm, Noble Chen Inc., which makes the Blue Ribbon label in the southern city of Zhaoqing. The company admitted first bootleggers importing the same label from Hong Kong had lowered the ingredients level's market share by a third. But the firm denied knowledge of any health hazards.

ABORTION MESSAGE

A federal jury in Dallas ordered neo-abortion activists to pay \$11.6 million to a doctor who endured months of private, public live home, in addition to death threats, stalking and other harassment. The pro-life group Operation Rescue, as well as two other organizations and 10 individuals, are liable for the amount, which includes damages for emotional distress and invasion of privacy.

TROUBLE OVER A PHOTO

The publisher of a Greek daily newspaper was sentenced to 16 months in jail for printing a photograph allegedly showing the wife of Prime Minister Andreas Papandreu in an intimate nude pose with another woman. The publishers of three other newspapers that ran the same photo went into hiding. Papandreu's wife, Demita Liats, 48, a former airline flight attendant who has lost touch with her activities as his chief of staff, called the photo a fake.



FUN WITH THE SUN: Vietnamese schoolchildren with homemade goggles were among millions across Asia who stopped what they were doing for nearly two minutes to watch a rare solar eclipse. In India, many performed bathing rituals or stayed indoors, convinced the eerie darkness was an omen that others were massacred by a 38-second halo around a dark moon, an event visible on an average of once every 360 years from any given point on Earth.

Slashing taxes

Promising to balance the federal books within seven years, the U.S. House of Representatives passed a wide-ranging budget package, a narrow victory for Republican House Speaker Newt Gingrich. The law—approved by a margin of 24 votes—would slash taxes and reduce the role of the government in the lives of citizens, much of it by cutting public spending on welfare and health insurance. President Bill Clinton said he will veto key elements of the measure. He was angry over the \$370 billion topped off Medicare, and another cuts that threaten Washington's 60-year commitment to the nation's needy.

Earlier in the week, a poll done for The New York Times and CBS television found that most majority of Americans did not support the budget's priorities. Two-thirds of those polled rejected the widely touted tax cuts, and two-thirds disapproved of slashing Medicare. Eighty-one percent did not believe the budget would be balanced by the year 2002. This as-

sembled 75 per cent of Republicans, who doubted their party's pledge. A majority, however, agreed that more power over social services should be moved away from Washington to the state level. Meanwhile, a commerce department report showed the U.S. economy performing about at the third quarter of the year.

A brutal battle

Thailand Tiger guerrillas succeeded in temporarily blocking a major advance of Sri Lankan government troops that began two weeks ago under the code name Operation Sunshine. The army has been "shelling the area day and night," said one resident of the northern city of Jaffna, a stronghold of the separatist rebels. The government in Colombo said 500 guerrillas had been killed and 1,500 wounded in the largest-ever military drive to take back the peninsula. Locals reported 24 Sinhala villagers were massacred by Thai guerrillas on Thursday, the fifth such bloodbath in a week. Ninety people—including babies—were massacred in other Sinhala hamlets the weekend before.



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BUSINESS

Some bosses disapprove, but romance at the office seems to be on the rise

WHEN TWO IS COMPANY

When a building supply company in Richer, Ont., fired John Dosley for his \$48,000-a-year management position, it accused him of sexually harassing his co-workers and ignoring warnings not to carry on affairs at the office. Dosley, whose estranged wife worked for the same firm, sued for wrongful dismissal and won a year's salary. An Ontario court and not only threw out the allegations of sexual harassment, but also declared that it was unreasonable "in today's world" for C. N. Weber Ltd. to try to prevent office romance. On Oct. 19, Dosley's victory was confirmed when the Supreme Court of Canada declined to reopen the case. And while the publicity borent him to take a better-paying job and led to endless jokes about his love life, the 40-year-old Dosley says he is not ashamed of his on-the-job romantic entan-

gements. "It's my feeling that this sort of thing goes on everywhere," he says.

Dosley is probably right. Some would go so far as to suggest that office romance began the day men and women began working under the same roof. And the current consensus is that it is becoming even more common as men and women spend more time on the job and less time in traditional settings such as churches and community social groups. "It is one of the inevitable byproducts of social integration," says Toronto lawyer Israel Balzer, who specializes in wrongful dismissal suits and human-rights law. "What many companies have to do is to come to grips with that reality."

Many companies, and many employees, still disapprove of office romance—even when it is regarded as consensual adults. Christie Whitcomb, 36, an administrative assistant for public affairs at Petro-Canada in Calgary, says that although she never fully considered her romance, she always "felt the philosophy I would never date anyone from work." But like most people, she had fantasies in similar situations, she changed her mind when she was introduced to a co-worker who played her heart. The two dated for two years and married in 1986. She feels that one of the reasons their relationship has worked is because she and her husband are in different departments on different floors, and rarely see each other on the job.

Critics of office romance seem most concerned about couples who work together closely. They worry about the consequences of a nasty breakup, favoritism—real or imagined—and a nasty after-

going. Now, many companies also fear that office romances can result in charges of sexual harassment. After all, says Balzer, the tendency of the courts recently has been to "tip the scales in favour of employees."

Despite these negative factors, Balzer says that most companies realize they do not have the legal right to impose a ban on workplace relationships. They prefer to deal with the issue on a case-by-case basis, although many large corporations do have strict policies that prohibit husbands from supervising wives, or vice versa. "Anytime one spouse would have any responsibility for employment decisions over another, that would be a no-no," says Gosselin Le Breux, director of human resources at Bell Canada in Toronto. "Our conflict-of-interest policy would include that idea, although not explicitly."

In smaller or start-up companies, on the other hand, it is relatively common to find couples in tight working relationships. Richard Seshinski and Dawn Seshinski, two of the founders at Master's In Direct, Lachine, Que., have spent the last four years regularly putting in 13-hour-plus days at the office. They have built the firm, which makes special-effects software for film and video, into a three-person operation in a publicly listed company with 500 employees around the world. They also made themselves millionaires in the process.

Seshinski, 45, and Seshinski, 41, have lived together for 11 years, both say there is no distinction between their personal and professional lives.

"We're really obsessed," says Seshinski. "People ask me a lot, 'Don't you find it difficult working together?' I always think it would be difficult not to." She adds that Dosley looks like many couples in the picture. The advantage is having both halves of a pair on the job, she says, is that one person is not stuck at home looking bored and ignored.

Seshinski and Seshinski do, however, admit to making some concessions to their situation. To "maintain my sanity," as Seshinski puts it, she decided not to become part of Dosley's 13-hour workday. While Seshinski became chairman, she took a lower-profile role supervising the company's in-house magazine. She also takes more time off than he does—although Seshinski points out that, with a successful publicist always now behind them, "we're just entering the phase where we're trying to establish our personal lives."

He jokes that if they ever actually tried spending entire weekends together, they who do not have children, "may be bored to death and quit."

For some couples, at least, the strain of trying to combine work and romance is no laughing matter. Dr. Howard Zuck, a psychiatrist and chairman of the Hamilton Management Corp., a Toronto consulting firm that advises family-owned businesses, says that couples who work together in exciting jobs often find it comparatively difficult to stop talking shop. He recommends that they schedule some downtime, such as "going out on a date every Tuesday night or making regular museum visits or taking trips." He also suggests that they talk about their situations when things are going well and plan how they will respond if their business or personal lives take a turn for the worse.

Book says that working together need not be a negative factor either for the couple or the company—although it undoubtedly presents challenges. In fact, he believes that employees may lose out if they take an incoherent person over a superior person on the basis of the latter's nose.

Balzer, nevertheless, says that while provincial human-rights codes protect anti-discrimination on the basis of marital status—a provision that also applies to common-law relationships—there is still some uncertainty over what constitutes discrimination. A company that can prove that a couple's relationship interferes with their work might be able to make a case for firing either one or both of the partners. Seshinski's firm might generate more gossip, but the ones would still be on the employer to show that office romance had caused

That is what C. N. Weber Ltd. tried to do in the Dosley case, arguing that his relationships with two female employees were bad for office morale because his estranged wife was also on staff. Despite that, Justice George Velen ruled there was "no evidence" that the company suffered in any material whatsoever, either financially or otherwise, during out of the contact of Dosley while he was employed. "Dosley, who now works on the order desk at a punch-and-die manufacturing company in Scarborough, Ont., points out that both of the co-workers with whom he was involved testified that the others were contented. He also says he remains on amicable terms with his estranged wife, who still works for C. N. Weber."

A more common scenario is for companies to transfer, rather than fire, one member of a couple, which can result in the transferred person feeling that his or her career has been put on hold while the other partner continues up the ladder. Although that may seem unfair, Balzer usually advises people in such situations not to sue. "It's probably the most sensible resolution," he says.

Such policies can cause some couples to try to keep their love lives secret, particularly if they are still in the early stages of the relationship. "It's like leading double lives," says psychiatrist Book. "You have to



Dosley: "My feeling that this sort of thing goes on everywhere."

pretend what's going on is not going on." That is not necessarily a bad thing, he observes. "The secrecy can heighten the tension and pleasure, and that can be quite delicious." Unfortunately when office affairs turn sour, the breakup is often especially painful because the couple must continue to see each other on a daily basis.

The issue of sexual harassment is a further complication. Many employees may worry that extending a social invitation to a colleague may be interpreted as harassment. And if a relationship ends badly, there is the possibility that the spurned partner might seek revenge by charging harassment. Dosley says that after his experience—made all the more bitter by the fact that the woman named by the company as his victim testified that he had never harassed her—he is now reluctant even to engage female colleagues in conversation.

On the positive side, he discovered over the course of his three-year court battle that he was fascinated by the law. Encouraged by his lawyer, he plans to apply to law school. "I went through the whole gamut," he says with pride. "Several schools, a four-day trial, the Ontario Court of Appeal and a staff at the Supreme Court. Along the way, Dosley started another relationship—with a woman he met at a party. The two are now living together. "It is just wonderful at my age," he declares firmly. "I wouldn't have imagined a second." And the courts, he can now say from experience, would be on his side.

ANN BROCKLEHURST in Montreal

McGraw-Hill/Newsweek, 6, 1995 43

Minding the books

An entrepreneur indulges his love for literature

The idea for Canada's richest literary prize for fiction came to Jack Rabenow and Montreal publisher Denis Geller in August, 1983, after an afternoon in Groulx's Bar in Montreal. Rabenow, a wealthy Toronto-based property developer who made it under the wing of writers and artists to that of tycoons, was looking for a way to commemorate his wife, Doris Geller. The Toronto Star's resident book editor, who had died of cancer four months earlier. The result was the Geller Prize, an award of \$25,000 aimed for the best English-language fiction published in Canada. The first winner, announced at a lunch banquet in November, 1984, was *The Book of Secrets* by Toronto writer M.G. Leonard.

"It created a tremendous difference for me, both in terms of sales and recognition," Leonard says. "Writing and just work."

Next week, the second Geller winner will be announced at a Montreal dinner on Nov. 7 for more than 250 people in Toronto. And once again, Rabenow is footing the bill. "This is one dinner you can't buy your way into," notes Toronto literary agent Beverly Sloper. "I see you are involved," confesses Rabenow. "I don't have anyone I don't want."

Rabenow also pays for the advance publicity, which includes newspaper ads, posters and shelf strikers for 500 stores across Canada. It is the kind of publicity, notes Sloper, that no Canadian publisher can afford, given the industry's slim profit margins. "This year, the five finalists are *The City*, *Flamingo*, *Richman*, *Gowdy*, and *McKay* Jr., *Robertson* and *Richard B. Wright*."

Rabenow, a self-confessed jock who is a famous baseball and tennis player, seems an unlikely patron of the arts. "He came across like a character out of *Dennis Lehane*," says his friend Jane Sloper, a Toronto Star columnist. "Unlike other's someone who knows what good art and good literature is all about." Once his choice of a jury to choose the finalists and the winner is carefully placed. This year, it consists of Jacklyn, literary scholar David Staines and novelist Jane Urquhart. Rabenow estimates that they have plowed through at least

85 novels and collections of short stories.

For Canadian entrepreneurs after an touch support to artists. Most of Canada's literary prizes—such as the Governor General's Literary Awards or the Ontario government's Trillium Book Awards—are largely funded by taxpayers. One exception is the \$20,000 Lionel Groulx Prize for fiction.



Rabenow of home in Toronto; Vancouver (right) an original and generous tribute

which is open to international writers that no other English language fiction prize matches the Geller for its breadth and for the support given to writers up. "It's original, generous and done with considerable panache," comments Rabenow.

Jack Rabenow is an unlikely philanthropist. His parents emigrated from Ukraine in 1906, settling in Montreal. He sold newspapers for years before saving enough money to open a restaurant. Rabenow went to Bacon Brook High School, where Rabenow was a peer behind him. His girlfriend, Doris Geller, went to nearby Commercial Road.

After graduating in English from McGill University in 1964, Rabenow accepted a \$20-a-week job writing speeches for grocery magnate Sam Steinberg. In 1960, after work-

ing his way up to a vice-presidency at Steinberg's, Rabenow went to work for Ontario's Leah family to help them open new stores. That made him realize how profitable real estate could be. He eventually went into business for himself, making a fortune with apartment buildings and a shared ownership in cable television. But the price was high—the hard living in Ottawa, and his first marriage was falling apart. By 1973, his wife and three daughters stayed in the capital while he returned to Montreal. One of the first things he did was to call his old high school sweetheart, Geller, who was books editor at the now-defunct Montreal Star.

By 1975, he and Geller were married and living in Toronto. "Doris was loud and macho and didn't show me respect to all the top-shelf designers Jack was in business with," says Sloper. "And Jack got used back and watched her, enchanted by everything she did." By then, Rabenow was working for Times Corp. Ltd., a real estate company then owned by the Rockman and the Brodman families. Peter Brodman says it was he who suggested Trans-Canada Bank to Rabenow. "It's very bright and very well read, particularly for a business person," Brodman says. "Let's face it—most of us have our faces buried in facts and figures. But he also reads Shakespeare and can even do crossword puzzles."

Rabenow stayed with Trans for 20 years, retiring in 1992 before a crowded life bankruptcy had to remain a large in the real estate world. "He's very tough, very wise, very shrewd," says his Montreal-based partner, Robert Thériault. "His timing is always perfect." Today, Rabenow is running a new venture with Toronto businessman David Ehrlich, Bruce Brodman and Walter Zeng to buy premium properties for investors who can afford a minimum \$1 million stake.

No one, certainly not Rabenow himself, will say what it has cost him to set up this annual tribute to his late wife, but what is certain is that he spends every cent of it with gusto. When the Geller jury meets to pick the winner, they do it over a lunch at the Le Mas des Oliviers, Rabenow's favorite Montreal restaurant. "Toronto prides itself on being a world-class city, but it took two people from Montreal to set up this gift to Canadian letters," says Rabenow with delight.

STEVE CAMERON

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BUSINESS

Life in the fast lane

Years ago, a column in *Maclean's* magazine captured every high-tech consumer's worst nightmare. The cartoon shows Thomas Edison in his workshop, surrounded by a mob of people, some of them holding cameras. One man is shouting, "Give me a sophisticated stereo system, complete with multiple tape decks, single discs and duals of every size and function. Now, this is great. When can I buy it?" The visitor argues, "Actually, Edison replied shrilly, 'We're not planning to market that stuff for a few years.' Then, he points to an old-fashioned phonograph sitting in the corner. "First, we want to unload some of this."

Fear of obsolescence has never been more pronounced than in today's personal computer industry. People who think they can sink \$2,500 into a new desktop, use it for five or six years and then give it to their kids are probably in for a rude shock. The machine may still function by then, but technologically it will be about as useful as a horse and buggy on a six-lane expressway. Given the dizzying pace of change, a PC that is state-of-the-art now is likely to be out-of-date within 12 or 18 months. What wonder a year or two and it will practically qualify as an antique.

Up to now, that has not been a problem for the computer industry—far from it. Most PC buyers understand the difference between minis and mainframes, or are willing to find out. And because they already have some computing knowledge, they accept that they will need to upgrade or replace their machines as often as two or three years. In fact, 30 per cent or more of today's business buyers are trading up from existing machines.

A place at any of the big computer magazines conveys a sense of what makes some people tick. One article after another explains how to extend the life of a one- or two-year-old computer by upgrading the random-access memory, installing a one-gigabyte hard drive or boosting up a new 386-based system. If the technician about to hand it to the 32-bit mainstream does not overinvest you, the cost of keeping up with all these advancements probably will.

As the PC industry matures, however,



BY RUSS LAVER

PERSONAL BUSINESS

the focus is increasingly on desktops—people who want to tie into the Information Age without becoming experts. Market researchers say that by 1997, nearly half of all North Americans will have a computer in the home. Many of them use the PC as just another appliance. Like a television or a microwave. As consumers, they expect their computer hardware and software to last—and not exactly forever, but at least long enough to finish paying for it.

Fortunately, there are signs that some people in the PC business are taking up to their reality. Research and development are still key to the success of any high-tech company, of course. But at a marketing level, there is growing recognition that the constant hype about faster and more powerful machines can be an impediment to the industry's overall growth. "The technology is changing so rapidly that a lot of consumers are postponing the purchase of new computers for as long as possible," says Jim Turner, senior analyst for Microprocessor Report, a newsletter based in Sebastopol, Calif. "The thinking is that if you procrastinate forever, you'll never waste money."

The class to hear the industry is responding, consider how Intel plans to market its next-generation microprocessor, the successor to the much-hyped Pentium chip. Code-named the P6, the new product contains the equivalent of 5.6 million transistors, compared with 3.1 million for the Pentium, which first appeared in 1993, and 1.2 million for the earlier 486. But when Intel got around to naming its latest creation, it took the conservative route and chose Pentium Pro. Not only that, but the chip—due for release later this year—will be targeted mainly for office work stations and servers, rather than home users. In part, that's because it does not offer a huge performance jump on contemporary consumer software. But Intel presumably also does not want people who purchased Pentium-class computers—worldwide, 26 million have been sold this year alone—to conclude that their machines have already been superseded by a new generation. Not that there is anything wrong with innovation, but business is business.

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Business NOTES

CANWEST LOSES BID

A consortium led by Cielwest Global Communications Corp. lost its bid for the license to operate a new British television channel. UKTV was considered the front-runner among four contenders. It offered \$75 million against the \$47-million bid from the winner, Channel 5 Broadcasting. British regulators appear to have rejected UKTV's proposal because of concerns over programming quality.

HIGH-TECH TAKEOVER

the Canada Ltd. appeared close to winning a war over who will acquire Data Group Inc., a Montreal-based information-management company. Data has offered \$11 a share on the condition that 70 per cent of all class-B shares are tendered. Data directors agreed to tender only 50 per cent of shares to be tendered—as "the" bid did not recommend it. Data's offer could thwart its other leading rival, U.S. mainframe manufacturer Amstel Corp.

STEELE REPLACES EYTON

Rhys Eytan, 60, is retiring as chairman of Canadian Alcan Corp., making way for former naval officer Harry Steele, 64. Steele has been a director of the airline since 1972 and ran Eastern Provincial Airways Ltd., a small regional carrier. He is known as a hard-nosed manager who once inspired pilots by describing strikes of Eastern Provincial as "overstated, overpaid tow-aways."

ONEX CAPTURES VENCAP

Leveraged buyout giant Onex Corp. will acquire Vencap Equities Alberta Ltd., a private venture capital firm partly owned by the Alberta government. Vencap, created to help diversify Alberta's oil-based economy, rejected all offers last year other than Onex executives in Toronto said they hope the \$200-million purchase will help them acquire more capital in Western Canada. Vencap's 15,000 shareholders will split \$55 million in proceeds from the sale, and the provincial government will get \$174 million.

SHERRITT'S CUBAN SPINOFF

Sherritt Inc. plans to spin off its Cuban investments into a separate public company. Although the new entity is not for sale, chairman Ian Delaney said he sees his long-term future in Cuba. Sherritt's Cuban business now includes nickel and cobalt mining. The new Sherritt International Corp. recently got Cuban government permission to move into real estate, tourism, transportation, agriculture and communications.



THE REVOLUTION CONTINUES: A Vietnamese model walks the runway in U.S.-designed clothing during the Vietnam Trade Fair in Basel, the latest sign of warmer relations between the two former enemies. In July, President Bill Clinton extended full diplomatic recognition to Vietnam. He said that fostering closer commercial ties would honor "the sacrifice of those who fought for freedom's sake" in the Vietnam War.

Pay and profits

Corporate profits are up but workers should not expect a real increase in wages next year, the Conference Board of Canada says. The board's annual survey of wages predicts that pay increases for employees will reach pay increases averaging 2.5 per cent in 1995, while unionized workers will receive 1.6 per cent. But inflation is expected to hover at 3.8 per cent, meaning that most people will suffer a drop in purchasing power. In its report, the board noted that profits at companies on the Toronto Stock Exchange rose 15 per cent in the second quarter of 1995.

The disparity results from a "disconnect" between productivity and income growth, says Fred Benham, the board's vice-president of human resources research. He adds that shareholders in a group that accounts to Chrysler's profits are pushing prices down, but, fairly shoppers are pushing prices down, and chief executives are worried that growth may be unstable. Employees are also concerned about job security and, as a result, are

not pushing their wages to negotiate larger wage increases, he said.

The board says employees in Atlantic Canada will live best next year, with an average 2.4-per-cent rise. British Columbians, as the other board, can expect only 2.1 per cent.

Minivan safety

Chrysler Corp. faced renewed concerns about the safety of rear-door minivan bodies. U.S. vehicle safety officials decided against forcing Chrysler to replace the bodies, but then released videotapes that showed rear benches popping open in simulated crashes. Chrysler has vowed to replace the benches voluntarily. Meanwhile, Timesport Canada is probing complaints that the airlock breaks in early-1990s Chrysler minivans sometimes fail during slow-speed stops. Chrysler says it has found no evidence of a problem. The company is also under pressure from minivan investor Kirk Kirkwood's battle to take it over. Kirkwood last week demanded three seats on the company's board of directors.

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'Hoops' as a second language

NBA basketball fast-breaks into Toronto and Vancouver, determined to win hearts in hockey country

BY BOB LEVIN

The ball is 30 inches around, smooth but rubbery, with a rich leathery smell that's irresistible to gym rats. It bounces behind the back, between the legs, returns to the fingers like a yo-yo, zooms toward the hoop with capsaicinic backspin—and then, in the best of times, tickles the brain (as one Vancouver used to put it). There is a *je ne sais quoi* to basketball, as there is to all sports, an indefinable blend of awe and awe-inspiring and sagacious that distinguishes it from other sports—has evolved, becoming quicker, smarter, more sophisticated and more efficient. Its rhythm owes something to jazz, rock and rap (but to mention ballet and modern dance), and its attitude is a cocky self-assurance—playground-made and National Basketball Association-sanctioned—that it's simply the biggest game going.

This is not just a new pro sport coming to Canada this week. It's a whole new culture. No, not the NBA game has long had a certain cable following here, enough to persuade Canadians to snap up \$135 million worth of team jackets, shirts and other increased goodies last year. And kids are shooting hoops on playgrounds and at high schools and universities from coast to coast. But the arrival of the expansion Toronto Raptors and Vancouver Grizzlies brings basketball home to a segment of the sports-watching population that has disappeared it as the domestic and foreign site of ball games is about gone. Will these fans catch "NBA fever," or the league's overboarded games? Will people who grew up speaking hockey talk hoops as a second language, deciphering double dribbles, pick-and-roll and alley-oop?

That's certainly the league's bet, and not just because the young men who swarmed basketball to go from the Canadian James Naughton of Atlantic City, was a 30-year-old player at McMaster at the YMCA Training School in Springfield, Mass.,

when, one December day in 1893, his boss asked him to find some indoor game to fill the dreary winter months. Out came a soccer ball and up went the now-famous peach baskets, hung from a balcony 10 feet high (off the height of a regulation hoop). Naughton's boss managed to make only one shot the entire first game—the junior climbed a ladder to get the ball down—but the students were hooked. "The game spread through the YMCA," says Wayne Putnam, research specialist at the Naughton Memorial Basketball Hall of Fame in Springfield. "There were 18 members of that gym class on the day he invented basketball. A lot of them earned money to go work at that YMCA. And they took the game with them."

Fast as basketball spread, by the Second World War it

Naughton (left): Abdul-Jabbar poster advertising the Toronto Raptors' "revolution" about the game.



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Big Time Basketball TORONTO vs. NEW YORK NOVEMBER 1

MAPLE LEAF GARDENS

was played professionally, mostly in small blue-collar centers in the Midwest like the Fort Wayne Zollner Pistons, the Toledo Jim White Chevrolts. That's when a bunch of hockey guys stepped in. Then came two hockey-baggy arenas and the National and American hockey league teams that skated in them, worked other ways to fill open dates besides on skates and circuses. That was when the Basketball Association of America, whose first game—on Nov. 1, 1946—was played at Toronto's Maple Leaf Gardens, the home-town Hawks according to the New York Knicks,

Erving driving on Bird's developing different styles

disregard, the no-hurry-stall ethic of yore has been transformed by the free-flowing, sky-walking style of city blacks played in the documentary *Hoop Dreams* (1994).

"The guys in the Midwest developed as great shooters," says Jack Donahue, a native New Yorker who coached the Canadian national team for 17 years. "Kids there didn't have a lot of other people to play with, except for formal practice. They'd have the basket wheeled up against the barn and they shot the ball inches and millions of times." In the inner cities, says Donahue, "There were no team games played, it was no recreation. But now you would be treated as an individual. Everybody shot the ball but you shot it differently. You shot it better—it had to have style. And certainly when you drove to the basket those were the big plays that brought crowds to their feet."

How potent is playground magic? Consider this reminiscence from someone who watched the legendary Connie Hawkins (later a pro star) at his best on the asphalt of New York: "He did things on the court that no one had ever thought of doing before. He was one of the first with huge hands who could glide and swoop and dunk and stuff all kinds of ways. He'd turn around, I watched his moves, his bursts of inspired improvisation, and received reactions about the game." The observer was a kid Donahue, crushed in high school, who, later, Hawkins, who later became a revelation himself under his new name, Kareem Abdul-Jabbar.

In a league that promotes itself through the star power of its latest marquee, Abdul-Jabbar is now a name from the past. He has joined recent headlines like Julius Erving, Larry Bird and Magic Johnson, and earlier greats like George Mikan, Bob Cousy, Bill Russell, Wilt Chamberlain, Oscar Robertson, Jerry West and Elgin Baylor. The current crop—Shelton, Michael, Shaquille—hasn't been in the mid—well be coming into Vancouver's state-of-the-art GM Place and Toronto's still-sketchy SkyDome, which, for basketball, is about as cozy as the West Edmonton Mall.

All this well-oiled money getting used to No one, for instance, should contemplate the Canadian franchises for "backloading" their way through the bidding process, as one local newspaper did two years ago. And instead do not sound "in favor of the Hawks," as a Toronto-area report recently had it. But Donahue, at least, thinks he sees basketball has a good shot at taking root in Canada. "Because in North America we're used to scoring—this isn't soccer, there are going to be a hundred baskets scored each game. Secondly, the players are really recognizable, unlike football and hockey. You really see them. You can say, 'Gee, I like that guy,' he's getting a lot, it looks like he's really enjoying himself!"

Why wouldn't he be? He's getting paid to play one of the greatest games around.

★ ★ ★

From left, Cousy, Russell, Chamberlain, Jabbar: star power from a storied past

★ ★ ★

68-66. The Hawks folded the next year and the league merged with another to form the National Basketball Association in 1950.

Over the years, players have not only gotten bigger, stronger and faster, they have developed different styles. Call it a tale of two eras: *Hoopers* (1950) is the story of a band of hardworking, straight-shooting, workaholic Indiana boys who did the odds to win the star championship. That's one basketball tradition—country where, but even in Indiana, where hoops is a religion and Bobby Knight, the maverick coach at the university in Bloomington, is a hard-core



★ ★ ★



The Grizzlies' Steve Edwards battling Portland; too few teeth in the attack

SPORTS

Starting from scratch

BY JAMES DEACON

Hours before game time, in the dim light of an otherwise empty SkyDome, Carlos Rogers of the Toronto Raptors is alone on the basket ball court. From varying points around the three-point line, an arc drawn 23 feet out from the basket, Rogers launches shot after shot, trying to master an aspect of the game that is usually reserved for stouter players. At six feet, 11 inches, Rogers can dunk with the best of them, and he is more comfortable playing closer to the basket. But his coach wants him to develop as outside shot, so the 24-year-old, who learned about life and basketball on the mean streets of Detroit, will do whatever it takes. "Coming out at the playgrounds has its advantages," Rogers says when, after 40 minutes, he finally gives a towel and heads toward the dressing rooms. "Those guys from the suburbs, they don't have the desire to go, go, go," he explains. "They already got everything, they're satisfied. But me, I had to make it, or I would have had to go back to the street."

The National Basketball Association is a playground that it began with a star player

of Michael Jordan and Shaquille O'Neal, the game's best of rap music, the games of halftime dance troupes, the games of a game played 10 feet off the ground, and a whole bunch of guys like Carlos Rogers. On the narrow confines of the hardwood floor, the players—excellent yet greenhorns—have refined a game they learned as kids on the playground. They give NBA basketball its edge, swapping moments of otherworldly athleticism with ungraceful, toothy falls and beautiful swaggers. Starting Nov. 3 at cavernous SkyDome in Toronto and Nov. 5 in the brand new GM Place in Vancouver, Canadians will finally see firsthand what has made the NBA the fastest-growing sports league of modern times. "Every time that Shaq or Michael or David Robinson comes to town, it's going to be a spectacle that people haven't seen before," says Vancouver Grizzlies general manager Stu Jackson. "It'll be like a Rolling Stones concert or something."

The NBA's enormous popularity is relatively new. In the early 1980s, poor management,

a league-wide drug problem and a lack of TV coverage threatened its survival. The league government then hired lawyer and marketing whiz David Stern as commissioner, and he quickly implemented a salary cap and a cost-prohibitive drug policy. But things really turned around when Stern redirected the marketing focus. "To succeed in show business, he needed stars, so the league started selling basketball and started selling Magic Johnson and Larry Bird, Julius Erving and Michael Jordan."

Stern's initiatives paid off handsomely. The league now has four-year network and cable TV deals worth \$1.5 billion, and it sells a staggering \$4 million worth of NBA licensed products—fans caps to video games—worldwide. It has also taken on grand aspirations: to help basketball supplant soccer as the world's number 1 sport. NBA teams now play more games in Europe and Japan, and Detroit Pistons of league athletes crisscrossed all corners at the Summer Olympics in Barcelona in 1992 and the World Championship of Basketball in Toronto and Hamilton two years later. The league has also expanded, adding teams in Miami and Charlotte, N.C. (1988) and Minneapolis and Orlando, Fla. (1989), for a then-record \$44 million each. Still, the

Fans will have to be patient with new teams



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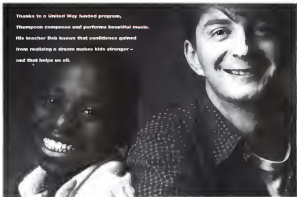
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NBA—concerned about giving his talent—was cool to Canada's expansion aspirations until Toronto construction tycoon Larry Tanenbaum forced the league's hand. In 1991, Tanenbaum and some partners tried to buy the Denver Nuggets and later the San Antonio Spurs. The league wanted those teams to stay put, so in 1993 it accepted Tanenbaum's application, complete with a nonrefundable cheque for \$225,000, for an expansion franchise. Two other Toronto groups and one from Vancouver made similar applications, and in November 1993, the league awarded the Toronto franchise to a syndicate headed by John Bitove Jr., whose family is in the catering business, and broadcast mogul Allen Siegel. The Vancouver bid, headed by Canucks' owner Arthur Griffith, was accepted in February 1994.

After a scramble to sell enough season tickets—a mix of 12,500 each—to meet league demands, the two teams began the task of acquiring players. The pickings were slim under the expansion draft rules, mainly high-salaried, aging veterans, underperformers and fringe types who were no longer wanted by their teams. And although both the Raptors and Grizzlies did find some hidden gems, they were quick to warn new fans not to expect too much for the first couple of years. Vancouver coach Brian Watson said it has been a struggle to establish offense and defense schemes. “We are braving in players from all over, and trying to acclimate them to our system,” says Watson. “It’s not easy.” Raptors coach Brendan Malone concurs. “No going to need a good sense of humor this season.”

The fans are not the only ones who will need patience. “My biggest concern is what happens to the players if we lose seven or eight,” Malone says. “I just don’t know how these guys will react.” Neither do the players. “I’ve never been on a losing team,” says Vancouver pickup guard Greg Anthony, who spent four seasons with the contending New York Knicks. “It’s not a good feeling, but it’s something we have to learn to deal with.”

Vancouver will rely less on the expert eyes and scoring of Byron Scott, a stretch guard who was three NBA titles as a member of the Los Angeles Lakers. And the team desperately needs guard Gerald Wilkins, who did not play the previous season because of a back injury. Without Wilkins and his 14-point-per-game scoring average, there are not enough teeth in the Grizzlies’ attack. “We have had trouble scoring more than 80 points,” says Watson, “and you have to score at least 90 to stay in a game.”

The team would also benefit from more protection from the top college draft pick, Bryant (Big Country) Reeves, a freshman, second-round pick from Oklahoma. Reeves was a college star who demonstrated so unusually deft touch around the basket for a big man, but in preseason action he did not

match up well against NBA centers. Mychal Thompson, a former star with Portland and Los Angeles who now is an analyst on Grizzlies telecasts, says it takes time for centres to adjust to the heavy goop in the NBA. “There are going to be mistakes when Bryant looks like a world beater, and other nights when he looks lost,” Thompson says. “But he has to play. You don’t learn anything about playing in the NBA by sitting on the bench.”

On the court, the Grizzlies are gradually getting used to their new surroundings. “It sure is beautiful around here,” cranks more Reeves, an avid hunter and fisherman. Some players are already getting involved in their own community. Anthony, for instance, is establishing a charitable foundation in Vancouver that will raise funds for cancer research. He did the same in New York City in support of multiple sclerosis, and in his home town,

quickly, showing that they could win in the process. Among the standouts was point guard Damon Stoudamire, who was named by some Toronto fans when he was named the league’s top college draft pick last June. Stoudamire has been one of those first-over with his confidence and scoring touch. Being on an expansion team gives him a chance to play right away, and he credits veteran guards Alvin Robertson and Willie Anderson with showing him the ropes. But he is anxious to improve. “We are nowhere near where we can be with this team, but it’s still early,” he says. “I think that we are going to surprise a few people.”

Raptors general manager Bucky Thorne has shown a willingness to take risks on players other teams do not want. Last week, for instance, he was reportedly discussing a trade for New Jersey forward Derrick Coleman,



Robertson scoring against Washington; football-growing longer in sports

Lu Yagins, for his old school district. “My team has chances,” he says, “so I’d like to be able to do something about that.”

Despite the similarities, the players are discovering some cultural differences. “It takes awhile to get used to the money, that’s for sure,” Anthony says. “And it keeps changing value.” There is the inconvenience of having to clear customs on trips to and from the United States, and many of the players miss the familiarity of their home TV station, the U.S. sports network ESPN, and its signature SportsCenter news show. Then there are the fans who are, by NBA standards, a bit too polite. Toronto’s Raptors’ Rogers says, “We were playing at home, and they were cheering for the other team as well. They’ve got to stop doing that.”

The Raptors took to Malone’s system

one of the league’s most notable but boys. He took Stoudamire to the draft even though some scouts felt that, at the best, 20 inches, he was too short for the NBA. And Thorne traded for Rogers even though the young forward had only a semi-notable campaign last season with Golden State. An all-around athlete—he was a football quarterback and basketball player in high school—Rogers can run the floor and score above defenses. “When I first saw Carlos, I saw a guy who had phenomenal talent,” Thorne says. “Given the right environment, he could be very exciting.”

For now, the Canadian teams are providing opportunities for mostly American players. Only two Canadians were drafted to the first round: George—Corey Hall of Moose, Ont., in Vancouver, and Wayne Woodward of Montreal in Toronto—and both were cut early

Moreover, there are only two Canadians currently on NBA rosters—Rick Fox in Boston and Bill Wennington in Chicago. But Canadian officials expect that the new franchises will encourage young Canadian athletes to play the game. "It will improve as the Grizzlies and Raptors become established," says Vancouver. "I think you'll soon see more Canadian players at the NBA level, and that is so important for young kids to see."

Both teams sold an extraordinary number of season tickets—nearly 16,000 in Toronto, just over 13,000 in Vancouver. The season tickets will raise the two franchises' operating budgets for the first season to continue. The two groups each paid \$276 million—the highest season ticket price in sports—to purchase the franchises. They will each carry player contracts of at least \$55 million this season, and both groups are investing in new arenas. Grizzly chairman Arthur Griffiths and his partners, John and Bruce McCaw of Seattle, just paid \$163 million to build the Scotiabank Arena in Vancouver. The arena, which also houses the NHL Canucks. The Raptors plan to build a similar facility in downtown Toronto. The stakes are high, but NBA commissioner Stern says the investments are sound. "In a league, we have a lot invested in the success of our teams," Stern says. "We are not interested in seeing this fail."

The fans have heard the warnings and have prepared themselves for the worst. "We know they aren't going to win right away," says Vancouver owner manufacturer Bill Hantz, who bought Grizzlies season tickets with his wife, Denise. "But as long as people keep seeing progress, we'll still come to watch." Others agree to bet the same way. With three other cities left in a game against Sacramento, the Grizzlies were selling the Kings \$8-77, less of for their B's straight loss. Slowly, a cheer began to build among the diehards who had stayed to the end at GM Place. "We want to," the fans chanted, aware that the Grizzlies had been unable to secure a home game yet in the preseason. "If nothing else," Grizzlies general manager Jackson said after last season broke the 80 barrier, "it shows our fans have a sense of humor."

The players know they will play a big role in the game's success in Canada. "I guess you could call us basketball ambassadors," joked the Grizzlies' Anthony. But so one of either team seemed worried that the game might not catch on. "The hoopla will come," said Toronto's Rogers. "When the fans get to know the game and know what is expected, they will appreciate it. Right now, they are used to watching league cross-check people beat each other up, and that's exciting. But this, this is totally different." □

COMING ATTRACTIONS

In their first seasons, the Vancouver Grizzlies and Toronto Raptors will rely on the existing teams to supply the big-name attractions. Aligned for fans, the season has no shortage of stars. A brief list:

Michael Jordan, 32, Chicago Bulls: His absence, perhaps the world's most celebrated athlete, is back after a brief stint in major-league baseball, making the Chicago Bulls serious championship contenders once again. To follow Jordan's star power, consider that line of his sponsoring companies saw their stock value rise by a total of more than \$14 billion just on

stage too much to give it up just yet. Though no longer dominating, Jordan is still an important part of the Bulls' title hopes.

Shaquille O'Neal, 23, Orlando Magic: He is on TV selling shoes and soft drinks, on video with his rap group and in movies playing—what else—big guys. But the seven-foot, 285-pound center is still most fans' watching on the court, where after three full seasons he keeps getting better. Unfortunately, a broken thumb is expected to sideline him until Christmas. Though more famous, Shaq is only his team's second-most exciting player, after guard-legend **Arteshe Howard**.

Moses Malone, 32, Houston Rockets: The Dream, widely considered the best all-around center in the game, led the Rockets to two straight NBA championships. A native of Nigeria, Malone frequently spends vacation time in Britain (London) and did his pre-season training in Wales.

Dwight Gooden, 30, San Antonio Spurs: The Admiral, so named for his years of the naval academy, was the league's most valuable player in 1994-1995. He can score, rebound and pass—and he is a nice guy to boot—but he is still trying to win a championship.

Petrick Dwyer, 33, New York Knicks: Since he signed out of Georgetown University in 1985, Dwyer has played seasonally for the Knicks, and earned a berth on the Dream Team that won gold at the 1992 Summer Olympics.

But that is not enough for some rabid observers in the Manhattan media, who expect Dwyer to sign an otherwise so-so team to an NBA title.

John Stockton, 33, New Jersey Nets: Stockton leads the league in assists. For instance, when he broke Magic Johnson's all-time assist record last season, the blazing guard suggested that it was because teammate Karl Malone and others were such good scorers. But the high-velocity image is misleading. Stockton is one tough customer.

Grant Hill, 23, Detroit Pistons: Last season, he was named the NBA's most promising rookie. He was the top vote-getter on fans' all-star ballots, in part because he seemed refreshingly unaffected. But the high-flying style shows that the kid can play, too.



news that he was returning to the NBA last spring. He will be aided by fellow high-flyer **Scottie Pippen** and, perhaps, by recent addition **Dennis Rodman**, captain of the league's all-but-lost team.

Charles Barkley, 32, Phoenix Suns: They're used to the marmalade runnings about retirement. But Charles, the most quotable athlete in America, likes his place on the line.



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How winning really became the only thing

BY TRENT FRAYNE

Once it was enough just to be there, but now winning has become so essential in big-time spectator sports that even earning an appearance in the final round doesn't mean much unless what we humans used to call the coup de grace is delivered forthwith.

In recent times, some of sports' deepest thinkers have felt the agonies of this phenomenon, those of whom had suffered on the brink of knighthood during years of success in Canada. Mike Love, the former coach of the former Montreal Alouettes, is not acknowledged anywhere for leading the Buffalo Bills to four straight Super Bowl appearances, no, he's pictured as the guy who lost the big game four times to a row (twice). But Grant, the current boy genius of the Winnipeg Blue Bombers, is barely remembered as the tall, solemn, pitifully gay lesbian who got the Minnesota Vikings into four Super Bowl appearances. Nope, it's the barn horse Viking lost all four.

Not to forget Bobbitt Joe (Bobby) Cox from that other game, baseball. Ten years ago, Cox was called Coon and was the toast of Toronto as the manager of the Blue Jays. But during the World Series of 1993, which happened in sweltering St. Louis and Komet City, situation suddenly switched from the teams to Cox. He had jumped from the Blue Jays to the Atlanta Braves, lured by the Yankees (and the dough) of Braves owner Ted Turner.

With a pitching staff in cloud-seed mode, Cox's teams have dominated the National League the past few seasons. Has this elevated Cox to the status of Saccharin and Pluto, a not uncommon American progression? Well, going into the recently terminated World Series it was frequently noted that the Braves had never won the Big One. They lost to the World Series to the Yankees in 1991, to the Blue Jays in 1992, and were ousted by Philadelphia in the NL playoff of 1993.

Vince Lombardi's words are sounding prophetic, and the culprit is largely television because the cameras won't stay out of the dugout

Following last year's strike, they again were the winningest team in the National League this season. Here we go, Cox went into the World Series not just as a great but as, bar none, a possible Mike Love, a guy who could win every one but the last one.

This desperate need to win everything at night and not just a fair share is a product of the television age and goes back to the definition in the United States of the former coach of the Green Bay Packers, Vince Lombardi, who his celebrated call to arms, "Winning isn't everything, it's the only thing." Lombardi became known as Saint Vincent following a couple of Super Bowl victories over inferior teams from the now-defunct American Football League in the Januaries of 1967 and 1968.

The other day, Dave Anderson ran a column in *The New York Times* relating that new players on the current Atlanta Braves each won two gold rings set with diamonds for winning the 1991 and 1992 National League championships. But they seldom won either one. "They're pretty," they say, characterizing Jeff Brasher (oh Anderson, "But they're the second glove ring." What the players want is the World Series ring.

See, winning is the only thing. Before television and before Vince Lombardi, winning wasn't everything or even the only thing, and the future employment of coaches and managers was not tied directly to whether they won the Big One. In Canada's case, Matt Schmidt coached the Boston Bruins for 10 of 31 seasons from 1955 to 1966 and not only didn't win the Stanley Cup but in seven seasons didn't even make the playoffs. In Chicago, Billy King coached from 1963 to 1975, 13 seasons in which the Blackhawks reached the Big One a mere three times and lost 'em all. Firing the losing coaches in the short-term didn't seem to occur to their employers.

In baseball, a manager's job was a safe haven in the days before television. Jimmy Doyle managed the Chicago White Sox for 12 years and never finished higher than third. He was fired in his 13th season when the team was seventh. More recently, Gene Mauch. In nine years with the Phillies, Mauch was fourth or worse seven times, thus axed. So the Expos hired him. In Montreal for seven years, he was fourth or worse seven times. That's no picnic.

But now, in the modern era, Vince Lombardi's words are sounding prophetic, and the culprit is largely television because the cameras won't stay out of the dugout. Now, routinely snatched at, so coach or manager escapes public scrutiny, and fans grow restless looking at the same night after night.

The camera breeds too much localism. Attending a sports event in the flesh, what fan bothers with a manager buried in the dugout? Who wastes sideways glances in a hockey arena or football stadium devoted by a coach looking his arms across his herring chest? But sitting at home, fans are exposed mercilessly to television directors to the barmy jingles on the poor fellow's chair. Time after time, game after game, television chatters along, rousing with clichés of the deep thinkers thinking. Who knows what?

One time, your agent sat in the concrete pillbox that served as the visiting manager's office in the old Blue Jays ballpark on the Toronto skyline. Sparky Anderson was the visiting pilot, a change, post-existing, white-haired veteran running the Detroit Tigers. This was in the mid-1980s when Sparky was in his very early 50s, resembling an old man at Christmas. Three, in nine seasons his teams had finished five times first and three times second. They'd won the World Series twice and lost it once, and after winning in 1972 and in 1979 they'd finished second to the Los Angeles Dodgers in 1981 and 1982. When Sparky was in 1987 and 1988, the Cincinnati general manager, Fred Anderson.

"I didn't know him," Sparky told the series in the concrete pillbox. He tilted his head and blew paper smoke at the barren clock. "I would get to know what you look like. They get sick of looking at you." See, even winning isn't the only thing (though not winning).

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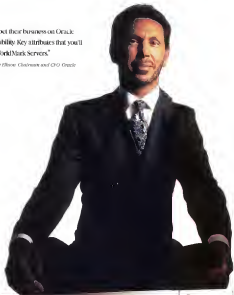
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HISTORY

90

Maclean's and the 20th century

The 1960s: Looking back at a decade of upheaval, in a continuing series marking the magazine's 90th anniversary year

The restless Sixties? The shocked Sixties? As the nation dined on its 100th birthday in 1987, Canadians were dividing into two camps. Parents, worried about their rebellious teenagers smoking marijuana and their daughters going on the pill, tended to think there was just a little too much swing to the decade. But many of their children, following the advice of counterculture guru Timothy Leary to "tune in, turn on and drop out," declared the world to be profoundly sick. Peace, love and sexual freedom became the assets of a new generation. The youth movement challenged authority on all fronts, and radioactivity frequently fought back. In 1968, author Stan Penney, 6'6" and a full-on hippie, was jailed for three days in Vancouver's notorious "Meat Market" for protesting the Vietnam War. "We were out-and-out utopians," recalled Penney recently. "It was all a very exciting and hopeful time." And by the time the decade ended, the narrow conservatism that typified the 1950s had been crushed.

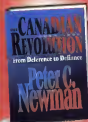
As the Sixties unfolded, no institution remained untouched, no belief unchallenged. While astronauts soared into the heavens and surgeons turned to perfused heart transplants, Canada and the world went to the brink of nuclear war in the Cuban missile crisis. The Quebec sep-

arate movement turned murderous, and rioting students, protesting the Vietnam War, sacked a Montreal university campus. While church pews emptied, young people followed the new hippie movement, proclaiming that such earthly desires as racism and poverty could be solved with one simple four-letter word: love. They grew their hair long and embraced the international culture of rock music. And they smoked pot, dropped acid and held love-ins. "What will we call the Sixties 40 years on?" Maclean's wondered in a December, 1988, editorial. "We don't know, but there was something about those 18 years, something that had to do with excitement and struggle for change."

That struggle was marked by great triumphs and bitter tragedies. Perhaps the darkest day was Nov. 22, 1963, when John F. Kennedy, the dazzling young president elected just two years earlier, was gunned down in Dallas. It was a decade's end in the struggle for civil rights in the United States. Riots flared in major cities across America, black prisoners were murdered and, after the great march that had to do with excitement and struggle for change, was killed in Memphis, Tenn., in April, 1968. These tragedies played out against the backdrop of the Vietnam War, which by the decade's end would claim the lives of almost 50,000 young Americans. But on July 20, 1969, the world seemed to take a respite momentarily from the hatred and strife as U.S. astronaut Neil Armstrong stepped onto the surface of the moon.

It was also simply a crazy time. While the topless bathing suit designed by Rush Genesee quickly came and went, the miniskirt, so

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revolutionary when it made its appearance, has since become a fashion staple. New York City artist Andy Warhol presented everyone 15 minutes of fame. The Barbie doll made its debut, and Hugh Hefner amassed a fortune based on a magazine and clubs featuring his Playmates. On television, the Smithers Brothers, Laughton and the high-camp humor of Batman were all the rage. In one memorable 1963 episode, Batman, dressed in his standard tights and cape, said to a bar waiter "A corner table please, I don't want to be conspicuous."

But it was the politics of Quebec City and Washington, not the emerging social revolutions, that had Prime Minister John Diefenbaker on edge as the decade began. In 1960, the Quebec Liberal party under Jean Lesage toppled the Union

Nationale, which had ruled under the iron grip of premier Maurice Duplessis for 36 years. Lesage's party managed to capitalize on a growing sense of alienation in the province and it would soon demand a new deal from Ottawa.

Federally, power passed to the Liberals, but an agreement on the transfer of federal power to Quebec was forthcoming, and insurrection boiled over. The Front de libération du Québec, the FLQ, which was advocating the use of violence to achieve independence for Quebec, became increasingly militant. And on April 21, 1960, a bomb planted by the FLQ exploded at an army recruiting centre in Montreal, killing a janitor. A few weeks later, on May 17, a rash of explosions from bombs placed in mailboxes ripped through Westmount, a predominantly English-speaking area of Montreal.

In 1961, Montreal writer Peter Gzowski found Quebecers torn between their desire for more independence and their love of Canada. Wrote Gzowski, now host of CBC Radio's Morningstar: "If the government doesn't succeed in addressing regional, ethnic and more French-Canadians will join the separatist movements."

Events in Washington, however, were competing for the attention of English-speaking Canada. And in 1961, a crowd of 50,000 turned out to cheer Kennedy when he visited Ottawa that May. The Vice of outpouring of affection that Canadians usually reserved for the Queen. "Geography made us neighbors," observed the popular pundit. "History made us friends. Economics has made us partners. And geography has made us allies."

The two allies, however, would soon be divided as the world entered an era of the brink of war. In October, 1962, the United States blockaded Cuba in a tense-mid-



Trudeau blowing for the camera in 1960: hippies, rock music and Troubadours

but ultimately successful strategy to force the Soviet Union to dismantle nuclear missiles (but it had secretly built on the island). Kennedy, however, gave Diefenbaker just 30 minutes' warning before announcing the action. Outraged, Diefenbaker subsequently denied the Americans permission to deploy nuclear weapons in Canada—a decision that was to prove costly to him. After a series of cabinet resignations, Diefenbaker lost a vote of confidence in the House of Commons. Following an election on April 8, 1962, the Liberals under Lester B. Pearson formed a minority government.

Pearson agreed to accept the nuclear warheads and relations with Washington improved, but the Quebec issue proved to be a much trickier one to resolve. In an attempt to appease nationalist sentiments in Quebec, Pearson agreed to end the country of some of its British symbols. Despite an angry backlash by outraged Conservatives at the House of Commons, Canada's Maple Leaf flag replaced the old Canadian flag in 1965. Pearson also launched the process that would lead to the passage in 1969 of the Official Languages Act, which, among other things, provided for federal government services in French in any part of the country with a significant French-speaking population. Quebec's separatists, however, were unimpressed. Said René Lévesque, the popular former schoolbook manufacturer who led the provincial Liberals and would lead the Parti Québécois: "Quebec wants a homeland in the fullest sense of the word."

But Pearson still had a card to play—attracting three bright young Quebecers into federal politics. They were Pierre Trudeau, then editor of a Montreal political magazine, *Cité Libre*, and two of his associates, Jean Marchand and Gérard Pelletier. All

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HISTORY

three became Liberal MPs in 1985 and, on April 26, 1986, Trudeau succeeded Pearson as party leader and prime minister. Just two months later, he rode a wave of Trudeauism to the first majority Liberal government in 31 years.

The emergence of the unconventional Trudeau took place amid a social upheaval wrought by the hippies, student power and social reforms centered they were changing the world for the better. Rock bands gave voice to protests against everything from the expanding war in Vietnam to starvation in developing countries, and the biggest group of all, the Beatles, invaded North America in February 1964, with an appearance on *The Ed Sullivan Show*. Two months later, they played in Vancouver as an appearance their fans had breathlessly anticipated for weeks. But within half an hour of the band taking the stage, the show was over for more than 100 young girls who fainted in the excitement and had to be carried out.

By the summer of 1967, authorities were confronting an increasingly rebellious youth movement. There were mobs when Toronto police tried to clear hippies off the streets of the Toronto coffeehouse district. A few months later, 114 students at Simon Fraser University in Burnaby, B.C., were arrested during a protest for greater student autonomy. "The hippies are harassing people all the time," Marston's quoted Vancouver police Sgt. Joe Howell in 1968. "They spread all over public areas, smoking the grass and making suggestive remarks. No



Flower power in Toronto in 1967: a new approach to many social issues



wonder ordinary people get upset." In 1969, students at Sir George Williams University in Montreal destroyed a \$1.4-million computer in a clash with the administration over charges of racism. And while other individual protests of the 1960s were quickly forgotten, Penick notes that many important social movements, including the fight for women's rights, abortion on demand and a cleaner environment, began in the 1960s.

1968, for many Canadians the country's birthday bash and the hugely successful Expo 67 in Montreal are the fondest memories of the decade. Marston's son-in-law Ottawa editor Peter C. Newman to Expo's opening ceremonies, and he was inspired. "This is the greatest thing we have ever done as a nation," wrote Newman. "It has little self-interest, self-shocked country of 30 million people can put on this kind of a show, then it can do almost anything." And anything did seem possible in the 1960s.

TOM FENNEL

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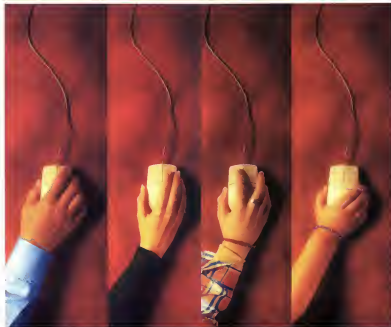
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celebrates sex, sexuality and self-acceptance. In the mature-like *Sensuality*, long songs with a sultry catch in her throat. "Gotta away the ones who say/the last you left is wrong/Unleash yourself to me/and find the joy of it," she sings. "This is my own-made-but-choose, long at her most lush gestures. The singer indulges her voice as never before, luxuriating in its curves, and opening it up on the straightaways. In places, the layered overtones of her vocals can get to be too much of a good thing, the sound of someone lost in the luxury of her own reflection. But there is always that risk in art captured by pleasure in sound of joy.

The album, says Lang, evolved through constant experimenting with music. "You just do it every day. One day you pick up an electric guitar and put it on the floor. Or you go through a tube phase. You just keep moving through this huge jungle of possibilities and collect all the beans and cocoons you can find, and in the end you try to make something out of it."

Mink and Lang composed the music first, then Lang wrote the lyrics. "It's like doing a landscape painting," says Mink, "then waiting for something to put in the foreground." Most of the final recordings was done in a studio that Lang has built into her three-story house in Vancouver overlooking the Granville Street bridge. And the sessions were more relaxed than usual. "This record was easy," says Lang, who then corrects herself. "It wasn't easy. Writing music is always difficult. It's overwriting the music, doing some sort of editing dance with whatever it came from. It's an elusive process, something I'll never really understand."

Although people think of her as a singer, long plays a variety of instruments on the album, including guitar, keyboards and bomp. "She has such magnificent intonation," says Mink. "She can grab an instrument and coax something out of it just through her own masculinity." When they are composing together, she is the one who usually wants to keep experimenting, adds the 46-year-old musician. "I tend to run her so when she like trying gets on."

In her music, Lang has defied conventional categories. And she says that comes from her struggle to blend three creative personas. "As a musician, I must not be the least style of artist," she explains. "But as a contemporary artist, I am extremely eclectic, and as a writer, I'm trying to be more abrasive."

Outrage, meanwhile, Lang's personas

merge into a charismatic, larger-than-life presence as a performer. And on screen, cast in German director Percy Adlon's *Schindler's List* (1993), she revealed another persona—as a low-struck, lost Jewish woman who staves off her clothes to prove that she is a woman. But Lang did not plan to do more acting. "I don't think I'm an actor," she says. "I don't think there is a way to go off and tell any little making you might have. It can be. But it can dissolve the power that I have as a

and roller should look like and act like."

For someone so artistically aware, long surprisingly says the only thing she ever reads is the dictionary. And, as outspace as she is, the singer insists that she is not a political person. "I'm a spiritual person who has become politically correct." Despite her "nazi stink" declaration, she says, "I don't care if people eat meat. I do care on a grand scale, but there's no point trying to convince someone to do something. It's an individual choice."

Lang was clearly stung by the backlash against her on-screen status. It struck especially close to home in Concord, where she grew up as the youngest of four children: her Adam Lang, who was a drummer, and his wife, Audrey, a teacher. Lang's mother still lives there, and she was surprised by both the "nazi stink" hype and the provocative post for Vanity Fair. Still, Lang says she remains close to her mother, her brother and two sisters. But she continues to be estranged from her father, who deserted the family when she was 12.

That family rift no longer bothers her, says Lang, although she concedes that the trauma is still an occasional source of pain. She does have a therapist—"It's just nice to talk to someone in a certain situation." She also enjoys the anonymity of chaffing in the internet's 24-hour news cycle. "There's this one name I use and many people know it's me, just because of how precisely I answer questions," she smiles. "But there's definitely people who are still skeptical. It's fun. It's a way of interacting with a safety net."

Now that her childhood dream of stardom has come true, Lang often misses her anonymity. "The way much she always I used to spend nights being a day walking, that way I can't escape someone's eyes, for example, because the outside I do, it's an irritation. I don't generally walk around thinking I'm a star. It's the last thing on earth I'm thinking about, and the last thing I want to be noticed, when I don't want to be noticed."

Last week, Lang was back in Los Angeles, appearing on *The Tonight Show*. When Jay Leno asked why she had moved, she said, "LA is the university of celebrity and I had to take a sabbatical." Leno looked puzzled. Earlier in the week, Lang taped an episode of the satirical *Larry Sanders Show*—comedian the satirical Jerry Seinfeld, cast member Scott Thompson. Lang is so celebrity who has learned the art of keeping up appearances without giving up her soul. Anonymity, meanwhile, will just have to wait. □

I don't sleep with Madonna, I don't sleep with Martina Navratilova'



The singer 20 years ago she now indulges her voice as never before

singer? Abby Lang. "The only person I can think of who I respect both as a musician and as an actor is Tom Wula."

What about Madonna? "She's an actress more than a singer. But her persona is so strong it's impossible for her to act. Madonna is an act. So once she sheds that skin, she has the potential to be a good actress." Describing her relationship with Madonna as a "professional" friendship, Lang says she would like to know her better. "I kind of extremely interested." And she once tried to organize a project with Madonna and Anne Lennox.

Lang does not see herself singing rock. "I don't like to hurt my voice," but admits rock's new female performers, even the outspoken Courtney Love. "She's not out there, she's not," says Lang. "There's an honest and substantial still in women's music. There is more there, a looking of the stereotypical idea of what a woman rock

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Itty-bitty kiddy ditties

New Canadian albums go for the funny bone

It is 6 p.m., dinner is late, the house is a shambles and the kids are—*they* are—*totally bored!* What to do? If the TV goes on, there is the aggravation of choosing between *Star Trek* reruns and the dreaded purple dinosaur. And that newly acquired Disney video, although diverting, is disappointingly unexciting. As other less obvious options may be the best, a selection from some of the imaginative, well-produced children's music that Canadians have become internationally known for. This list's roll of new releases includes CDs from some of the legends—Toronto's Eric Nagler, the trio of Shamus, Loos and Bram, and Vancouver-based superstar Raffi—as well as up-and-comers such as Al Simmons from Anoka, Minn. They cover a surprising range, from dance music to nonsense songs to tunes suitable for winding down before bedtime. They will not necessarily keep kids quiet, the way TV or a video might, but they will surely keep them amused—and possibly even inspire a delight in music and in the fun of making melodies with storytelling.

Nagler, a longtime family entertainer, has gained a wide audience only since the 1991 debut of his television show, *Eric's World*, which now airs on YTV, the Family Channel and several provincial networks. His *Come On In!* (Candlewood/MCA), is among the best of the new releases. Part of the appeal is Nagler's knack for projecting his own wacky sense of humor; many of the selections were together: lousy tapes, upstart storytelling and wry jokes about matters close to a child's funny bone, such as burping and belly button in some cuts, he deftly blends tradition with modern musical styles. Three *Happy Joe*, for instance, gives a whole new twist to the classic children's story of a boy who ate a magic bean. Nagler's wit, however, is very much in evidence: an old man's toothbrush, spoons and the symmetrical asparagus bloop, bubble and clatter through most of the album. Another surrealism: Nagler releases *Plaidy* by a classic children's story that first recorded (and given limited distribution) in 1988, featuring songs with titles such as *Where I See an Elephant Fly*



Nagler, *Sinussinus* (right) can have a wacky sense of humor, the other delights in zany wordplay



and *Ice Cream Oogy Time*. Clearly, this is a man who knows it when he sings, "Isn't it great to be crazy, silly and (totally) old day long!"

PERENNIAL FAVORITES Shamus, Loos and Bram are among the most prolific children's entertainers in North America. Their 16 albums have racked up sales of more than three million copies, and they are currently on a 22-city tour. Typically, they offer singable, danceable tunes in pleasing three-part harmonies. Their latest offering, *Let's Dance!*, contains simple, upbeat renditions of pop favorites from the likes of the Beatles and Stevie Wonder. Their version of the bubble-gum classic *Lollipop*, first recorded in 1968 by The Chordettes, really scored with our four-year-old, who wailed the song on the way to school, the way home and probably several times in between.

The reigning superstar of children's music

in North America, Raffi has sold more than seven million albums since his first recording for children. *Stargable Songs* for the Very Young, was released in 1979. For parents in search of something soothing, his 1988 release, *Raffi Radio*, is a lyrical offering of mostly original tunes with the lullaby flavor that is his trademark. Raffi takes the part of a mellow radio host, accompanied by his "jazzy dog," Stella. Selections range from *Berry Berry News-Songies*, set to an excerpt from Vladimir's *The Four Seasons*, to a spoken weather report that describes the natural cycle of rain and evaporation, to an interview with a sunflower, with Raffi, of course, asking the questions. Raffi will not be jumping up and down when this is on, but it would be an appropriate choice for quiet play and, besides, they might even learn something.

For those in search of the truly zany, the undisputed king is Al Simmons. A popular, wildly original performer who uses props such as vegetables and exploding hats, Simmons spends much of his free time dressing up new ideas in the workshop of his country home near Anoka, 30 km east of Winnipeg. His 1992 debut album, *Summering's Picky at Camp Wiggwag*, was nominated for a Juno award. His new effort, *Galaxy Shells at Midnight*, serves up more of his signature puns and other wordplay, in a mix of musical styles that ranges from big band to blues to rock. In the introduction to the CD, he says, he wouldn't mind making a musical instrument.

"I must admit my brain tends not to find out what's there in the darkness as I won't get a woman's pen." He also displays an affection for long songs about small subjects. *Mosses* (*DePue-Calender*) is a serene, intimate waltz that betrays a questionable Canadian appreciation for the metric. The way of, no Simmons songs, that "Owens, imagine!" "Someone's house" may be lost on those too young to read or appreciate more than very simple puns. But for the older set, perhaps 4 and up, the track size from Anoka could be a much-needed antidote to yet another game of *Simmons*. Besides, like the other Canadians with new releases for kids, Simmons offers giddy proof that adults have funny bones too.

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Body innovations

BY CHRIS WOOD

He resides. It is a discomfort element in someone whose creative raw material is the human form worked to its most exquisite condition. Yet here is John Alleyne, 35-year-old artistic director of Ballet British Columbia, taking residence at a break in an interview in such a free deep drag from a cigarette outside the company's new home of three levels on Vancouver's West Broadway. Peering the sidewalk as the rare nature sunlight, Alleyne is still fixated on the subject that was troubling him inside, the question of securing themes in his choreography. "I always want to see up obstacles, then find a positive angle in there," he reflects. Choosing his words with the ease of a dancer moving through a rehearsal, he adds: "I believe that the nature of beauty does not allow us to ignore humanity. That doesn't get to be a way to break the cycle."

Creating—or discovering—inspiration against the grain of human nature pre-occupies Alleyne on many levels. One is the color of his skin. "A large component of me is the fact that I am black," he observes, "and we've had only been passed from a white male perspective. Naturally, my take as a go-to be different." But if such obstacles are dramatic to him, Alleyne's art is the growing intimacy between the Barbados-born, Quebec-raised choreographer and the company he has led since 1992 that has brought both to the top of their forms. Now a mature force entering its 15th season, Ballet B.C. has provided Alleyne, the critically acclaimed choreographer with his 14 dancers, the resources for his best work to date. Alleyne's creative leadership, meanwhile, has consolidated both the company's finances and its reputation as one of North America's leading showcases of new contemporary ballet. "When Ballet B.C. travels," admits National Ballet of Canada prima ballerina Karine Kain, "everyone in the dance community is eager to see them. I expect to be surprised."

Many of the surprises, however, being Ballet B.C. itself during the past decade have been incidents once established with high hopes the start that Vancouver lived the world with Expo '86, the company assigned the year in a global stage. "We were not sitting out to make a regional company," recalls founding board member

John Alleyne has revitalized Ballet B.C. with bold leadership and choreography



Alleyne willing to collaborate and take risks

Vancouver-based entrepreneur David Y. H. Lai. "We were setting out to make a company that was international." And under founding director Annette as Paul and her successor, Reid Anderson (now artistic director of the National Ballet of Canada in Toronto), the company quickly gained notice for staging daring new work. But Anderson's resignation, Patricia Neary, lasted less than 18 months, before its internal revolt forced the ballet's board to fire the sharp-tongued, demanding American. Her successor, Barry Ingman, a more amiable manager, died of AIDS just 17 months into the job.

By then, overambitious programming had also added the young company with an unremediated deficit of \$300,000. The damage to its morale and reputation had become acute by April, 1992, when the company's

board persuaded Alleyne to leave the National Ballet of Canada—where he had been serving as resident choreographer for two years—and relocate to Vancouver.

To rescue its faltering company, the Vancouver search committee (which Lai headed) chose a brash youngster—Alleyne was just 33 at the time—whose self-confidence sometimes suggested arrogance and whose own work challenged the tolerance of dancers and audiences alike. Alleyne's heavily structured and rigorously trained ballets pushed performers to the limits of their physical abilities, even as they revealed viewers familiar with less cryptic repertoires—and even some fellow choreographers. "I haven't liked all the work I've seen of John's," concedes National Ballet artist-in-residence James Kudachka. In fact, Kudachka says, "I loved John's early work rather antithetical. I thought he didn't treat women in a very flattering way." Still, he decided the young choreographer's brilliance. Notes Kudachka, "I've always appreciated the artist in John."

Alleyne's creative talents, in fact, were recognized early on by perceptive teachers at the small elementary school that the athletic boy attended from Grade 1 to rural Richmond, southwest of Montreal. Alleyne's parents, John, an electrical engineer with an elevator company, and Lorena, a seamstress, had moved to Canada from their native Barbados in 1965, when John Jr. was 4. They lived at first in a Montreal apartment, but left it as soon as they could afford to, mainly to give their three young sons outdoor space to expand their abundant energy in most respects, Alleyne, the middle son, recalls a conventional childhood spent playing in the leafy parks of plants and apple orchards in summer and climbing the snow from ponds for skating in winter. Even so, the words of an outsider's perspective were planted early. Not only were the Alleyne not part of the three groups that dominated the local social landscape—the French Canadians and the Molokans of neighboring Kootenay reservation, each of whom held a certain distance from the others—they were also, he recalls, "the only black family in town."

Encouraged by his teachers, Alleyne enrolled in the National Ballet School in age 13, graduating in 1979. And with his very first job, he now recalls, Alleyne found himself launched as a career track that he at times seemed chosen. Fresh out of school, the young dancer was hired by the Stuttgart Ballet in what was then West Germany. Recalls teacher Canadian dancer Marie Perle at the same time, Reid Anderson, "Stuttgart was a crucible for creation. We learned a lot about basic values as artists."

Far the young Quebecer with the dark brown complexion, only then just beginning

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to explore the history of black performers, Shattuck was also a daunting introduction to the wider world of international ballet. "It was a whole way of life," Allynne recalls, "doing things I never dreamed of doing." Among them: performing in Beijing and Shanghai in 1981, in the early appreciation of China's opening to the West.

Returning to Canada in first soloist for the National Ballet, Allynne continued the choreographic explorations he had begun at Shattuck, becoming resident choreographer in 1990. Even so, he says now of his first in Tor onto: "Every time I went back to that city, I would get so depressed." By contrast, Allynne quips, friends from Ontario who visit him now in Vancouver warn him that "the weather is big mistake, that it's just too beautiful here, there is no reason to create art."

That hardly seems to have been a problem. In the 3½ years since he took over Ballet B.C., Allynne's creative reach has expanded even as his company's fortunes have stabilized. For both artist and troupe, the pivotal moments came in the autumn of 1993. Over three nights in November, the troupe performed a ballet that Allynne had created with his dancers, based on the late stages of Beethoven's life. A brooding work set in an original score by Timothy Sullivan (itself based on the composer's late writing quarters), *The Architecture of Karl*.

A Beethoven Adventure was a rarity in the hierarchical world of ballet. It was a work created in large measure by the dancers who performed it, in contrast to most ballets, in which choreographers use set to treat performers rather like pieces of animated clay.

It was also a seismic shift. It was precisely a bid, with Vancouver audiences, who debated the ballet's merits after the performance for weeks in the local media. "It reached a level where people were once again publicly arguing about the work you're putting onstage," says Allynne, "was the point where the company again became artistically relevant within the community. It was wonderful." For Allynne himself, it was "when I became aware that I was in a place where I truly belonged, where I was able to express myself as an artist." Allynne is not, however, ready to expand his private life: he wears a gold band on his wedding ring, but which asked about it well only say, "Too happier than I've ever been in my life."

The two years since Karl have confirmed the winning combination of company and choreographer. A spring, 1994, tour of the eastern United States, which included Karl and other works from the Ballet B.C. repertoire, was applauded from New York City critics. Yet another collaborative work, *The New Jean Harlowers*, an exploration of the interplay of sex and power created for the company's spring, 1995, season, attracted still more acclaim. "Genius... at once creative and unerring," was the rapturous judgment of *The Globe and Mail*. With its pro-

ducers, without compromising," Bonathan believes, Allynne's collaborative approach to choreography, adds the National Ballet's Kim, is one that he shares with "the companies that are really hot and have huge followings in Europe."

Both hot and hot are likely to be in evidence in the company's autumn season, opening this work at The Queen Elizabeth Theatre (the company will tour the country early next year). In addition to works by Kudoiki and Jean Grand Malire, a former Ballet B.C. dancer who has also chore-



*Crystal Fox (left), Jay Gower Taylor rehearsing
Can You Believe She Actually Said: Beethoven's music*

graphed for the National Ballet, the program features Allynne's latest collaboration with his troupe, *Can You Believe She Actually Said*. Set to the restrained son of Mozart, the 26-minute work combines dance, spoken word and physical humor as it reflects on the tensions and ironies of an art form dedicated to winging beauty and truth out of gross distortion of the human body's natural kinetics. This piece created a stir when it was first staged in May in San Francisco as part of a festival dedicated to the United Nations Organizers in the U.S. city—not normally noted for its proclivity—asserted that Allynne out of the world's supports of dialogue a humorous reference to how male dancers arrange their anatomy in their jobs.

As it enters its second decade, Ballet B.C. has clearly secured its reputation for staging new ballets that test the limits of classical dance. At a time when many other North American companies opt for a safer repertoire in an attempt to avoid alienating even one potential audience, Allynne's *Scary Renaissance*, artistic director of Vancouver's dancewear company, "Ballet B.C. has not stopped taking chances." As for Allynne, "with the years, he is more able to reach au-

thorities, without compromising." Bonathan believes, Allynne's collaborative approach to choreography, adds the National Ballet's Kim, is one that he shares with "the companies that are really hot and have huge followings in Europe."

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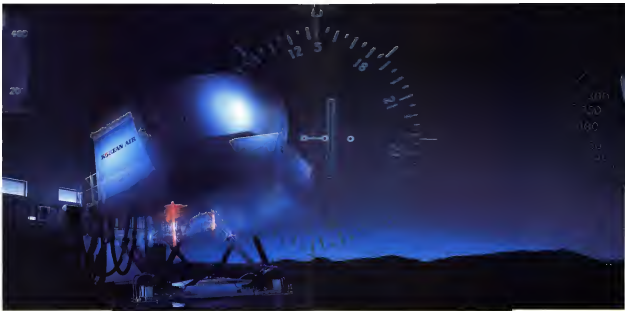


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'Burning bright'

A stunning biography lights up Blake's genius

BLAKE

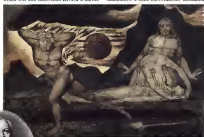
By Peter Ackroyd
(Oxford, 480 pages, \$45)

Today his paintings hang in the great galleries of the world, and his poems—coloured and Old English—live in *Antarctic Times* and *The Tiger*—one part of the firm of English literature. William Blake (1750-1822) lived his life in obscurity. His fellow Londoners thought of him as a poor, half-mad engraver with peculiar opinions. And even his artist friends, some prominent in their fields, failed to appreciate his startling genius. Even Blake continued to labor for more than 30 years in such neglect is one of the most moving stories in literary history. And it has never been better told than in Blake, the much-anticipated biography by Peter Ackroyd. The English novelist, *Unlabeled* and *Blindfold* (Doubleday) has managed to overcome the principal problem facing Blake biographers: the relative scarcity of factual material about the man's life. Painstakingly reconstructing Blake's social milieu as well as the intricacies of his craft, Ackroyd has given the artist a more palpable, detailed presence than he has enjoyed at any time since his death.

In 1800, Ackroyd's inspired study of novelist Charles Dickens became an instant classic, partly on the strength of its portrait of Victorian London. Blake, under the soilder, small, or and in many ways more sophisticated version of the city where Blake was born, above the Solus history ship run by his father, James. As a boy, Blake often saw visions—he once claimed that God had looked in the window at him—and on one occasion was punished by his mother, Catherine, for saying so. But on the whole, he grew up in an atmosphere of toleration. Recognizing that their sensitive son would not thrive in school, Blake's parents allowed him to educate himself at home, where they proudly passed his early poems and drawings to the walls. Then, in 1779, he was apprenticed for seven years to a master engraver, who taught Blake how to make the copper plates used for printing illustrations and reproducing copies of paintings and drawings.

After his apprenticeship and a start at an school, Blake set up his own engraving business

and began to support himself and his new wife, Catherine, the daughter of a modest gardener. The basic situation and pattern of his life was now set. Blake would toil nearly unceasingly to earn a living—his shop was open from 8 a.m. to 8 p.m.—stealing what time he could to work on his painting and writing. Ackroyd shows at length how Blake's predicament deteriorated his artistic vision; he discovered new methods of etching and printing, using them to create handsome books in which text and illustrations formed a harmonious



Blake and his The Body of Abel conversing with angels

ness and beautiful whole. But only a few connoisseurs bought these works. While his art friends, such as the sculptor John Flaxman, because fashionable and wealthy, Blake wanted his creations reflect that in his shop.

Much of the problem lay in the difficulty of his work, especially in such cities as Milton and *The Four Zeas*. Blake hated modern art, believing that it degraded what he considered the most exalted human faculty: the imagination. His long poems are elaborate intellectual systems, in which heroic figures symbolize various aspects of human experience and psychology. While, Ackroyd does not venture into the depths of these works, which take years of study to master: the best book about Blake's poetry remains Canadian scholar Norberg

Frye's 1967 study, *Fearful Symmetry*. However, Ackroyd writes with considerable perceptiveness about Blake's paintings and etchings, and the biography contains a welcome selection of his colorful reproductions. For all its glow, there is something naive in Blake's art, as if it were made to comfort children's beds. Ackroyd points out that Blake remained something of a child himself. He and Catherine had no offspring of their own, and she used to submit to him with a single-mindedness that, Ackroyd believes, made it possible for him to endure his isolation as an artist.

Blake contains some unfortunate mistakes. There is Catherine's often quoted by the hour beside her husband, to such his enormous love as he works. And there is Blake, harshly making illustrations for the popular poems of William Hayley, a second-rate writer who patronized him. Blake endured periods of depression, but mostly he maintained a stoic cheerfulness sustained

by his visions and conversations with angels and other spirits. Blake believed in two worlds—the seen world of physical reality and an eternal world whose shining deities were his companions. Ackroyd identifies Blake's visions as extremely vivid "hallucinations," but stops short of calling them mad. Blake saw two worlds at once, reality to be considered crisp, and even as his own time, a few people realized that. As an old man, he was introduced to the younger poet Samuel Taylor Coleridge—perhaps the only time in his life Blake met someone who was his intellectual and intellectual equal. One of the enduring legends from Blake is of the two great poets talking together, looking, in the words of an epigram, "Two two congenial beings of another sphere, breathing for a while on earth."

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FILMS

Palace revolution

A Tunisian movie casts a subversive spell

THE SILENCES OF THE PALACE

Directed by Monfida Thaki

In the classic of bourgeois feminism first pervades Hollywood movies—where emancipation consists of Demi Moore getting asked money money Purities (The Scarlet Letter) or Wessex Ryder shoving her fiancé while she works a double (The American Quarter)—this extraordinary film about Arab women arrives like a tall, cold glass of water in the desert. A beautifully moving and hypnotic film, *The Silences of the*

wonders who her father is. And so she faces the prospect of her own sexual enslavement, she finds refuge—and a voice—in learning to sing and play the harp.

But much of the film unfolds in silence. The camera moves through the palace as long, slow slices, tracking the wife-eyed Abu as she peers around corners and through curtains, spying on her mother. It is a bewitching world of whispering silks, passive walls and curtain-like doors. Upstairs, the man lies around reading in bed, in court as ruler, and wait to be serviced. Downstairs, work



Leaves: her story of a royal servant's daughter criticizes Arab patriarchy

Palace tells the story of a teenage girl growing up with her mother in the service of a Tunisian prince during the 1950s. Written and directed by Tunisian filmmaker Monfida Thaki, *Silences* won the International Film Critics Award at the recent Toronto International Film Festival, and awards at Toronto, in Cannes and Chicago. And, although it is just her first feature, the movie has established Thaki as the leading female director at the Arab world.

Silences contains a brief critique of Arab patriarchy, but the film is as poetic as it is political. It unfolds in haunting flashback as Abu (Othman Lachrofi), a young singer who finds himself alone and pregnant, seeks through memories of her adolescence. It is 1958. Her mother, Khadija (Najla Hachimi), is a royal servant whose domestic chores include carrying to her master's white in the bedroom. The teenage Abu (Najla Hachimi)

ing in the kitchen, the women speak their minds only in child cry-outs.

Building tension out of delicate gazes and lingering glances, Thaki crafts an exquisite spell. Reminiscent of *The Secret of Green Palms* (1961), which featured a Victorian servant, her movie has the same sense of suspended time, of being walled off from an outside world that eventually intrudes. *Silences* takes place on the eve of Tunisia's independence. On hearing that the military has imposed a curfew, one of the servants offers out: "I want to go out in the street, naked, barefoot, in rain without being stopped, to scream and shout and loud." When the movie finally breaks as a fence, it is with a mother's scream and a daughter's song. Quiet revolution has never been so eloquent.

DEAN D. JOHNSON

BOOKS

Cries and whispers

Piercing the silence protecting a child molester

THE RAIN ASCENDS

By Joy Kogawa

(Doubt) Canada, 207 pages, \$28.95

Like her powerful 1981 debut, *Obasan*, Joy Kogawa's new book explores the crippling silence surrounding a Japanese crime. The semi-autobiographical *Obasan*, which won a Books in Canada First Novel Award, tells of a Japanese-Canadian family's torment during the Second World War. The work was more than a fictional redemptive of past wrongs; it helped in life, the intelligent listener that had prevented many Japanese-Canadian from confronting their past. Vancouver-based Kogawa's new novel, *The Rain Ascends*, explores another hidden story: the sexual abuse of children.

As a child growing up in Jasper, Alta., Millicent Sholly, the new book's central character, enjoyed a favored existence. Her father, Anglican priest Charles Barnabas Sholly, was

the heart of the community, revered for his humane spirit and his work establishing Christian healing centres around the world. But one day, fellow clergy learned of Rev. Sholly's second profession for children. At first, Millicent was protected from the truth.

Eventually, though, her correct, dignified mother explained her father's affliction with two not-words—"yes" and "no."

The novel is set 40 years later when Millicent, middle-aged and single, is living in a small British Columbia town with her widowed father who has built a new congregation. Still struggling to address the magnitude of his transgression, Millicent has never confronted him with the old secret.

The Rain Ascends unfolds as a disquietance



Kogawa riveting

should be forgiven, for in the process she forces contemplation of profound, if unpleasant, moral questions.

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BOOKS

Be it ever so weird

There's no place like home, Gowdy style

HISTER SANDMAN

*By Barbara Gowdy
(Sumac House, 268 pages, \$24.95)*

Some art can only be described as happy. It seems to have been created in pleasure, and to convey its ideas with such a light, smiling touch that it seems effortless. Much of Mazer's comic tales into this category, as do the books of Jane Austen. And so does *Master Sandman*, Toronto writer Barbara Gowdy's third novel—and the one that is likely to catapult this rising literary star into a whole new orbit of fame and regard. Gowdy, 45, has been writing on strong since 1989, the year she published her second novel, *Falling Jagged* (her first, which appeared the year before, was a relier stylized historical tale set in Ireland). In *Falling Jagged*, the saga of a disordered suburban family, Gowdy found her voice: mordant, matter of fact, fairly fancy. The book was praised internationally and be-



Gowdy: her light, smiling touch seems effortless

came a bestseller in Germany, where the celebrated film director Michael Verhoeven (*The Nasty Girl*) is currently adapting it for the screen. In 1992, Gowdy's story collection, *We Se Sebben Look on Love*, won more prizes and

took her readers deeper into Gowdy country, a strangely fit place where the human body and human desire often take on unusual forms: one of her characters has two heads, while another enjoys making love to carpenter. After *Sandman*, which was recently nominated for the Giller Prize and a Governor General's literary award, is a much warmer book. It actually affirms that much-maligned institution, the family—and it does so by exploding all preconceptions of what a happy family might be like.

At first glance, the Canzys look ordinary enough. They live in suburban Toronto. The father, Gordon, is a book editor (but he is also a closet homosexual at a time the 1950s and '60s when such a predilection was widely considered a shameful perversion). Even his wife, Davis, is unaware of his secret, but then she has one of her own: she is a lesbian. Their eldest daughter, Sonia, is enormously fit and apparently content with her monotonous job packaging holiday pine. Raped as a teenager, Sonia is the mother of the daughter, another Joia, who always wears sunglasses and smokes much of her life in a club. At 30, she is a mother, Mary, develops a predatory appetite for boyfriends and eventually takes across of them to bed.

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BOOKS

Best Indeed, taken together, the Canays would like a recipe for the final, catastrophic destruction of the nuclear family. But sadly, nothing of the kind happens. Although harassed by grackles, the Canays live in an atmosphere remarkably free of repression and inhibition. Their smouldering (and somewhat insouciant) of each other is really a form of love. It creates a kind of visionary calm at the centre of the novel, an abiding sense that all, ultimately, is well—even though, at the time, all hell may be breaking loose.

With many writers, the address of the Canays would provide an irreducible opportunity for melodrama and well-merited pity. And certainly Gwendy knows how to toy with the prosopopeia. When a Joan is born in 1926, she rapidly emerges from the womb with the cry, "Viv le roi, viv le roi!" But the narrator of *Master Sandman* never confirms that actually happened. The details of Joan's cosmic birth are left to fast as possibilities—mere hints of the marvellous—in the matrix of the rather ordinary life that Gwendy spins around her family. The Canays may be unusual, but they do not live beyond the laws of physics. Master Sandman is so convincing partly because it is so deeply grounded in realities as common as burnt suburban lawns, or the jangling car horns—including Master Sandman—that are forever dancing through the hands of the family members.

At the centre of the family and the novel is Joan. The Canays' absolute, unaffected devotion to her—she does not appear the least bit odd or repulsive to any of them—teaches effectively the universal desire of parents to be loved with all their secret delusions and faults. At times, Joan, with her mysterious dark glasses and masses of white hair, seems like a character that a male behind which Jack infuses possibilities for growth and new perceptions. Something about Joan's quiet diffidence—she has just talked after being dropped on her head soon after birth—draws the family to confide in her. At different times, each of the Canays is outside her closet, confirming their romantic or monogamous that are really a kind of prayer. Yet if Joan is, in a sense, the household's spiritual mediator, she is an unexpectedly dangerous one. It is she who finally exposes the family's heart of sexual secrets.

Master Sandman is one of those rare novels that gives us its true, profound place in life, without either sentimentalism or romantic (or anti-romantic) posing. Several of Gwendy's characters think about (and have sex with) her. And whatever their language about it, the novel's attitude to the sexual question—in all its polysemous, perhaps, in that it is so saturated in sex. There is much else to praise in *Master Sandman*, but Gwendy's laughter provokes and it is all brought off with best light, but less than as a satire as an old sage said, on a winter breeze.

JOHN HENRIKSEN

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BOOKS

House of the spirits

Amy Tan's new tale conjures up Chinese ghosts

THE HIDDEN SECRET SENSES

by Amy Tan
July, 258 pages, \$23.95

In Amy Tan's earlier novels, *The Joy Luck Club* (1988) and *The Kitchen God's Wife* (1990), individual personal histories powerfully influence family dynamics. Even though traditional Chinese superstitions about luck and fate shape both stories, neither work always for those the residents side. In Tan's latest novel, however, ghosts replace ancestors as the link between past and present. With *The Hundred Secret Senses*, Tan ventures into the realm of spirits and reincarnation. Through her dramatic character, a Chinese-American woman who is ill at ease with her racial makeup, Olivia Sui, a 30-year-old cartoonist/photographer, tells that her life is a series of coincidences. She still struggles for the status of a professional author who was so busy seeking husbands to meet her daughter's needs. Olivia has recently separated from her husband, Simon Rivley, with whom she runs a small furniture business, and whom she accuses of providing her with nothing but emotional scraps.

Olivia was born to a Chinese father and an American mother. She has spent all of her life in California, but she lacks nothing to identify as either American or Chinese without. Her adoring half-sister, Kwan, tries to introduce her to the richness of her Chinese heritage. But from childhood, Olivia was left mostly embarrassment about and contempt for Kwan, who in 12 years her senior and was born and raised in China. Olivia wants the way Kwan's foreign attitudes and beliefs unconsciously highlight her own racial differences. She especially loathes seeing Kwan speak of her "yin" eyes, which she associates with her "hundred secret senses"

in order to see and communicate with spirits. Nevertheless, Kwan's ghost-filled visions eventually invade Olivia's psyche. Olivia explains that her half-sister has "planted her imagination like mine."

Kwan's dreams comprise the most vividly realized sections of the novel, ranging elements of gothic romance and folklore with historical chronicle. Tan's scenes remind landscapes and histories with incomparable ease. According to Kwan, the dreams reveal her former life as

a one-eyed maiden named Nanyang who lived with foreign missionaries in China during the mid-19th century. The book is clearly mesmerizing when Kwan recalls the events surrounding the opium trade and the rule of the Manchus.

Tan moves back and forth between Kwan's past life experiences and Olivia's story. Unfortunately, after Kwan's dream passages, Olivia's speeches often strike a discordantly anticlimactic note. Even so, Olivia's story contains several memorable episodes,

many of which involve hilarious cultural clashes between the two sisters. Tan also displays a talent for pointing out the absurdities of exuberant Americanism; she describes how Olivia's mother once won "a county fair prize for growing a delicious potato that had the profile of Jimmy Durante."

The two stories come together after Olivia and Olivia travel to China on a final print assignment, helping along Kwan as an interpreter in Asia. Olivia's desires and Kwan's ghosts progress towards a startling climax. In *The Hundred Secret Senses*, the spirit world questions the existence of a collective, living past. And, in a way, for Tan, storytelling accomplishes the same end: it helps forge a shared mythology and creates a sense of belonging to a past and a people.

DONNA STURGE

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BOOKS

Barrens of the soul

OUT OF THE WHIRLWIND
By M.T. Kelly
(Stoddart, 185 pages, \$22.95)

In his new novel, set in the aptly named Barrens region of the Northwest Territories, Toronto author M.T. Kelly elegantly evokes the grandeur and intimidating beauty of Canada's far North. It is as he describes it, a land of "lonely horizons where 'the close, still edge of lonely peaks, a yellowed' cry at the wind, no other people, the cold, all tinted at once deep order, consuming yet impersonal.' And it is a place where the trade-off for enjoying peace and tranquility at sometimes having to endure 'the silence of God.' Unhappily in this novel at least, it is also a setting in search of characters.

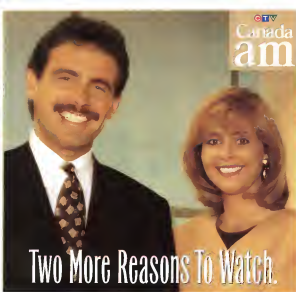
The unlikely trio at the center of Kelly's tale are all essentially outsiders. There is Daryl, the vain, middle-aged biology professor trapped in a loveless marriage; there is Clare, the attractive, 35-year-old medical researcher with the uneasy knack for always falling for the wrong man. And there is Miklos, an anthropologist who teaches each production in "his" life more than most. There lives first scientist at the University of Toronto, Miklos is there to research an article about the animal research laboratory where Clare works under Daryl's supervision. The three appear to have little in common other than mutual longing. Yet in a matter of days they embark together on an ill-fated canoe trip in the unpopulated subarctic Barrens. Call it *Titanic* on the tundra.

Kelly who was the 1987 Governor General's Award for his novel *A Green Lake Man* later made into a movie called *Greenland*, offers few

personal details about the key players in *Out of the Whirlwind*. That makes it doubly difficult to follow the predicament they soon find themselves in. Under cover of night, one of them deliberately destroys part of the group's survival raucous. That rash, thoughtless act has predictably tragic consequences as the expedition members suffer from starvation and dehydration—well, embark on a series of hapless chases across the tundra in pairs of caribou and moose. When the stony and motivation of the author is finally revealed, it all seems implausible and, frankly, rather silly. The one-dimensional nature of the characters gets exactly what they deserve.

But the sparse, almost skeletal writing style that rules the book of much of its narrative does serve Kelly well in describing a region that outwardly appears desolate but is in fact teeming with life. His descriptions are like a window into the life of the northern frontier, including the wolves, the willows, the rusty grass and "the vast, darker than the darkest lead pencil, yet as clear, strikingly transparent close up" the mountains some very descriptions about the red tins of surviving in a part of the country where, for 300 days a year, the average temperature is below 0°C—a place in which "you get away from the Indians or the caribou or you'll die like a rat." For those who know the North, or wish they did, such images may be enough to make the book worthwhile reading. Many others, though, will wish that Kelly had injected as much energy in his characters as he does in the land that engulfs them.

BRIAN BERGMAN



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An epic struggle that will never end

BY ALLAN FOTHERINGHAM

On the most important night of my life—just as the Two Fall Men of Infirmary, Peter Macdonald and Jean Monro, were setting into their microphones—your scribbler decided that what was needed was a fire.

The flames warming the room were welcome, needed as a comforting blanket to envelop a nervous scribbler who wanted to believe his country would still exist by the time the ashbed died.

Some years ago, too long to remember, this reporter from the old British Columbia took himself one weekend in a cabin in the Laurentians with a wild and crazy crew. One of the strangers, quickly becoming a friend, was a vibrant "French Canadian"—one we were then allowed to call them—who seemed an open invitation to his Montreal home whenever I next visited his province.

I did, we had wonderful times, wonderful parties with his friends, wonderful restaurants. That was before René Lévesque overtook the Parti Québécois. One day I came to town, called him, left a message, and there was no answer.

He had suddenly become a separatist, knew I would not agree, and decided on his own that, as someone from so far away, I would no longer have standing in company with him.

That was a sad parting, just one way point on the path that led to the need for a warning and comforting fire as the country threatened to fall apart.

It is, as Peter Jennings, a Canadian, is feared by American viewers on ABC, "a tale of rivalry." Too true. In most epic battles—Waterloo, the Spanish Armada, Gettysburg—there is a clear winner and a loser. When Wolfe climbed the hill to the Plains of Abraham and beat Montcalm, the French thought it was a war.

The disgraced American historian, Henry Steele Commager, has written that never in the history of colonial wars "has the victor treated the vanquished so generously." The French were allowed the protection

of their anglophone heritage ruled him out as a true Quebecer.

In a memorable, mesmerizing stem-winder in Paul Stouffville Arena in east Montreal, Trudeau recounted his mother's proud heritage in Quebec going as far back as Lévesque's ancestors and added if he and his bloodline were somehow less authentic than his rivals, it was an intolerable performance—his eager galvanizing—and the result, defying the polls, came out 60 to 40 for Canada.

Now, we have no real leaders in Ottawa and we are back to the *Plains of Abraham*, a battle at that is not going to do anyone any good.

Nothing has changed in the solidifying mindset of the Quebec voters in the last few years. It was just a year ago when they went to the polls to choose a new provincial government. Jacques Parizeau's Parti Québécois was running

on a clear platform and promise of separation.

They won a comfortable majority of seats but—do their constituents—only 35,000 votes overall above Daniel Johnson's Liberals, a virtual tie in popularity among the electorate.

Parizeau and Bouchard have had another disappointment this week, in what is certainly the last chance for the former. Bouchard's "ship-of-the-forgotten" about not enough babies being born to the "white man" wasn't a ship at all. He knows the pure francophone portion of the province is slipping in momentum from the gap.

He knows the segment of the Quebec population over 65—those worried about their Ontario pensions—was 12 per cent at the last referendum in 1980 and was 16 per cent this time, and will be increasing.

The struggle will never end between Hugh MacLennan's "two solitudes." On Monday afternoon, as Quebec voters lined up—some of them three hours in their eagerness to reach their ballots—the House of Commons was in session.

In the back row of the Liberal benches, MP Pierre-Régis Plamondon stood and barked into the opening strains of O Canada. Those in front of her struggled to find their feet and at times to follow. So did the Reform MPs, all gazing at the vast expanse of seats abandoned for the day by the Bloc Québécois, supposedly the Ministry's loyal opposition.

They struggled to follow her lead in the words most of them couldn't remember but, like one of those imported shoppers hired to sing the national anthem at the World Series, her singing, beautiful voice almost drowned out from all and reverberated throughout the chamber. She sang it all in French.



of their own religion, their own education system, their own civil law. It has resulted in "the Canadian way" Why did the Canadian cross the road? To get to the middle.

There is no leadership in Ottawa. The Prime Minister's solution was to ignore the struggle for a country's soul until the final week of the campaign, panic revealed on his face at his television address to the nation. The francophone minister's answer to the problem was to threaten a panicked "million jobs" endangered by a Yes vote. Nobody likes being threatened, bailed by accountants' fees. No wonder Yes voters surged and it failed to grasp the heart of the garment of the *Three-File Agents of Lucien Bouchard*, who became a refugee from London.

In 1980 in the last referendum, the final poll before the vote provided a narrow Yes victory. Then, René Lévesque made a fatal mistake. He renamed the "Bill" in Pierre Elliott Trudeau's name, suggesting that his

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